

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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SACRILEGE OF THE TOMB.

THE community was thrown into a high state of excitement on Friday, November 8th, by the published details of the abstraction from the family vault in St. Mark's Churchyard of the remains of Alexander T. Stewart, by unknown parties. An attempt had been made on the night of October 8th to desecrate the temporary burial-place, but the body-snatchers had evidently been frightened before consummating their ghoulish work. The affair was kept a strict secret by the few persons who were aware of it. New locks were attached

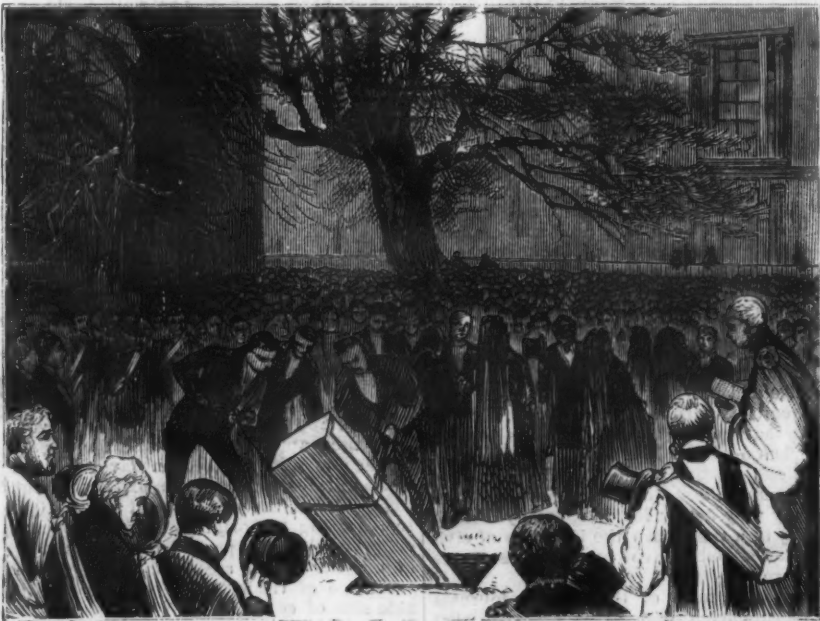
to the gates of the churchyard, and a man was employed to keep watch over the church and the yard, without being informed, however, of the object in view. It was supposed that the purpose of the robbers was to gain money, either by the offer of a large reward for the return of the body, or by a species of blackmail on Mrs. Stewart or Judge Hilton.

After watching a few weeks, the hired man was discharged, and on the following night, Wednesday, November 6th, or before sunrise on Thursday, the vault was broken into, the cedar box, the metallic case and the casket were broken and cut open, and

the body, although in an advanced state of decomposition, was taken away. The discovery of the outrage was made shortly after eight o'clock on Friday morning by the sexton's assistant. He promptly notified the sexton, who, in turn, informed Judge Hilton, and within a few minutes the police were examining the vault and churchyard. That the outrage was committed by parties thoroughly conversant with the yard, the location of the vault and casket, and the secret means taken after the attempt of October 8th to prevent the robbery, is apparent for several reasons. The work was done on a stormy night, im-

mediately after the discharge of the special watchman. The vault was found without difficulty, although the slab bearing the inscription had been moved to a spot some feet away from its true place to embarrass a search. The robbers knew just where to cut the sod in order to strike, of the three slabs covering the descent into the vault, the one which gave direct access to the stairs. And they were also familiar with the interior of the vault because they disturbed only the casket containing Mr. Stewart's remains, although there were five others in the vault.

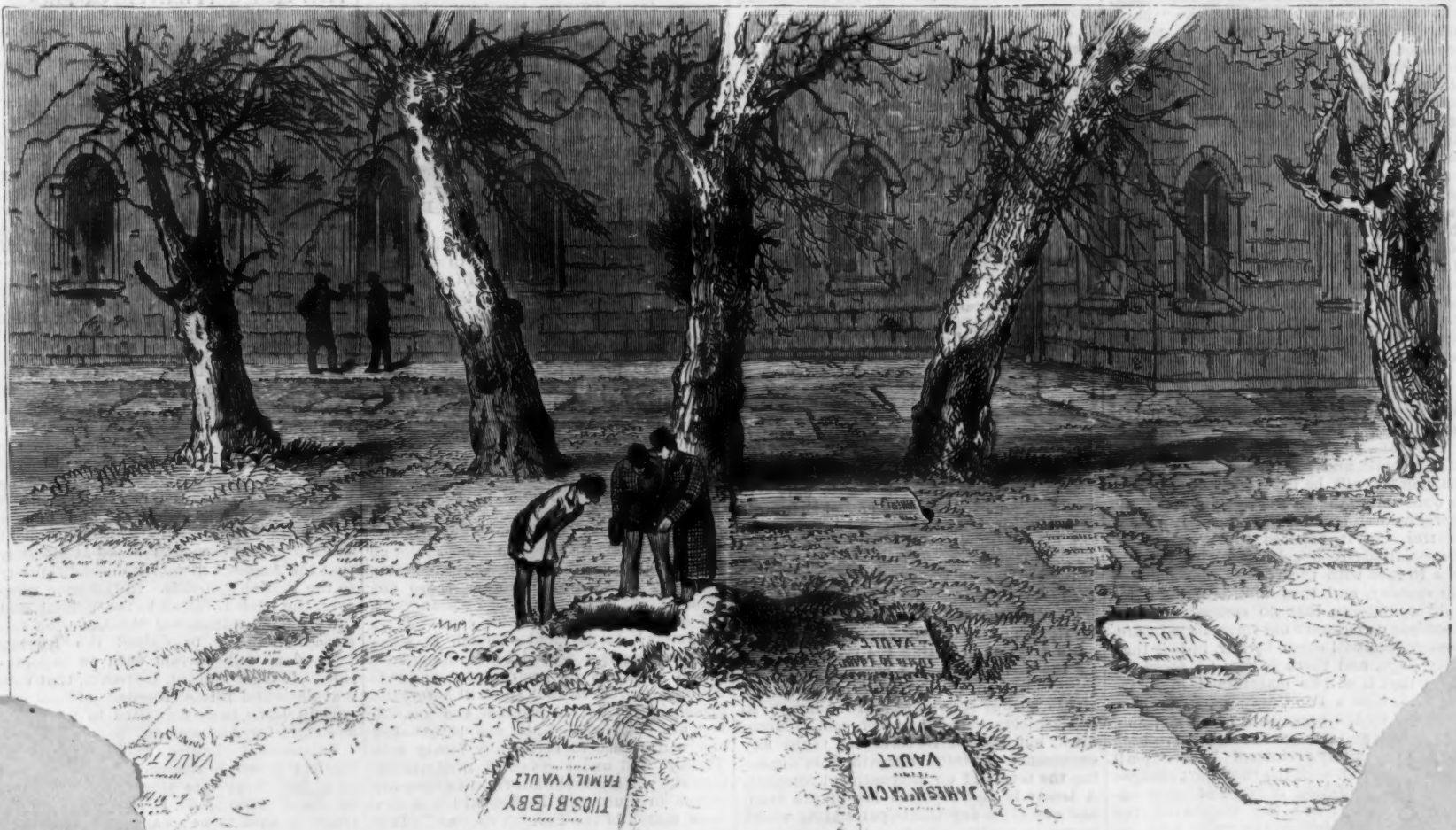
(Continued on page 195.)



DEPOSITING THE REMAINS OF THE LATE A. T. STEWART IN THE FAMILY VAULT, APRIL 13TH, 1876.



THE REMAINS OF THE LATE A. T. STEWART EXPOSED IN THE CASKET, APRIL 13TH, 1876.



NEW YORK CITY.—DESECRATION OF THE VAULT OF A. T. STEWART—VIEW OF ST. MARK'S CHURCHYARD, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE FAMILY VAULT.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

Certain publications have recently been issued under the name of "Leslie & Co.," and others under that of "Frank Leslie, Jr." Lest the public should be deceived into the belief that these publications are issued by me, I hereby give notice that I have no connection whatever with them, and regard them as attempts to appropriate the use of my name.

The only publications with which I am connected are issued from 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, and bear my name in full at their head.
FRANK LESLIE.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

THE result of the late elections, in thirty States, for Representatives in Congress, has a significance which the dullest perception must discern. For a year or more the country has been agitated by two issues of vital concern to every important public and private interest. These issues touched and involved both the financial honor and business prosperity of the nation. We had solemnly declared as a people that obligations contracted in an hour of dire extremity should be discharged in the money of the commercial world. Every consideration of good faith, every dictate of honesty, demanded that the pledge so made should be kept. But a school of politicians arose who insisted that, instead of maintaining our currency upon a coin basis and paying our indebtedness in gold, we should issue an unlimited volume of irredeemable paper currency, and pay in that the bonds held at home and abroad. The Government, as an earnest of its good faith, had declared further that on a specific day it would resume specie payments, thus placing our finances in harmony with the conditions and methods approved by the experience of all civilized nations. The new school of financiers, by their very proposition to inflate the currency indefinitely and debase it irretrievably, placed themselves in antagonism to this stated policy. Thus the issue submitted to the people was, squarely and explicitly, whether the nation should maintain its pledge or consent to shameless dishonor, and launch away upon a shoreless sea of disaster. The answer to that question has been given with unmistakable emphasis and clearness. The great gains of the Republican Party in this and other States can only be explained by the fact that on this question of the finances its attitude has been more positive and pronounced than that occupied by the Democracy. Thousands and tens of thousands of Democrats, who have been educated in the "hard-money" doctrine of the fathers, cast their votes on this ground alone for the Republican candidates. They did not approve other features of the Republican policy, but they felt this issue to be paramount and supreme; and, holding the preservation of the national honor to be of higher consequence than the gratification of mere partisan ambition, they arrayed themselves unhesitatingly on the side of principle and duty. This was notably the case in Massachusetts, where the issue between honesty and dishonesty, between an upright financial policy and one bordering on communism and agrarianism, was more pronounced than in any other State. The vote of the Republican Governor-elect was augmented largely and openly from the ranks of the better class of Democrats, who were unwilling that, in a crisis like the present, the Old Bay State should speak with an utterance in the least degree doubtful or uncertain.

The influence of this result upon the public credit and the business interests of the country will be in every way salutary. It does not, indeed, finally eliminate the currency and resumption issues from our politics, but it exposes the weakness of the so-called Greenback Party when brought face to face with the roused conscience of the country, and thus affords ground for solid confidence that no serious financial disorders can disturb our immediate future. Resumption will come, by law, in less than thirty days, and there is now no room for doubt that it will be maintained in its integrity. Had a two-thirds majority been by the opponents of resumption, and confusion might have been indefinitely prolonged; but that peril, with the President pledged to resumption in favor of some measure to increase the weight of the dollar, the trade and industry may gather faith and address themselves

unhesitatingly to the utilization of waiting opportunities. After the verdict of the elections of the 5th, no party will be mad enough in 1880 to commit itself to an organized assault upon the financial system with which both our prosperity and good name are identified; but if any party or faction, blind to the logic of events, shall persist in resisting the decree of the people, that tinkering with the finances shall cease and the country be permitted to work out its restoration in accordance with natural laws, that party or faction, we may now be sure, will be ground to powder.

THE NEW "FISHERIES DISPUTE."

NOTHING seems to be more remarkable in the "Fisheries Question" pending between the United States and Great Britain than the immense vitality of which the issue is susceptible, and the Protean phases it may assume from age to age in the international relations of the two countries. Mr. Richard Rush, who, as Minister to England in 1818, had taken an active part in negotiating the Fishery Treaty of that date, has spoken on this feature of the dispute. "We thought it at rest," he says, "under the old Revolutionary Treaty of 1789, but it returned upon us after the War of 1812. That war over, we again thought it at rest for ever under the Convention of 1818, but again it came back upon us." Next followed the "Reciprocity Treaty" in 1854, which, having been terminated according to its provisions by the Government of the United States, left the relations of the question in an unsettled state that was composed, for the time being, by the "Treaty of Washington," concluded in 1871 and consummated in 1877 by mulcting the United States in \$5,500,000 for the cost of the privilege conferred by that Convention—to wit, the privilege of fishing within three miles from the British shores of North America.

The treaty of 1818, though sufficiently precise in its language, was subjected to a new construction by the law officers of the British Crown in the year 1841, and this new construction was impressed on the treaty at the instance of the public authorities of Nova Scotia, who were no parties to the international compact. And in like manner the Treaty of Washington has been subjected by a mob of Newfoundland fishermen in Fortune Bay, whose exploits were referred to last week, to a new construction, which appears, apart from the violence used by the mob in enforcing their views, to have received the approbation of Lord Salisbury, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. According to this new construction, it is held that the privilege of fishing within the three-mile limit opened to our fishermen by the treaty of 1871 is held subject to all the restrictions and reservations imposed by the local law of the British provinces of North America; that is, that provinces which are no parties to this international compact may expand or abridge, at their will and pleasure, the stipulations of the treaty that has been concerted between the two high contracting Powers!

The preposterous nature of such a pretension ought to be sufficient of itself to argue the untenability of the British position; but we observe that the provincial press of Canada professes to cite the language of the treaty in support of Lord Salisbury's construction on this point. That language is as follows:

"It is agreed by the high contracting parties that in addition to the liberty secured to the United States fishermen by the convention between Great Britain and the United States, signed at London on the 20th day of October, 1818, of taking, curing and drying fish on certain coasts of the British North American colonies therein defined, the inhabitants of the United States shall have, in common with the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty, the liberty, for the term of years mentioned in article 33 of this treaty, to take fish of every kind, except shell fish, on the sea-coasts and shores, and in the bays, harbors and creeks of the province of Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the colony of Prince Edward's Island, and of the several islands thereunto adjacent, without being restricted to any distance from the shore."

It is argued by the sage Canada legislators that since, according to the terms of the treaty, it is stipulated that American fishermen shall have fishing rights only "in common with the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty," it follows that the local law of the British provinces, which measures the fishing rights of British subjects, must equally be accepted as the measure of the fishing rights which can be lawfully enjoyed by American citizens under the treaty. The fallacy of this reasoning results from confounding the rights secured by the treaty with the rights secured by the local law of the British provinces. All rights secured by the treaty are common to the subjects and citizens of each Government, but neither Government takes any cognizance of States or provinces in digesting the terms of an international compact. A treaty is the supreme law of the land, and overrides any municipal statute which comes in contravention or in limitation of its stipulations. Any other theory of interpretation would tend to nullify the very

essence of international compacts; for what kind of a compact is that which may be altered by a power that is not a party to it, and in what sense can a treaty be called international—a compact between two nations—if a fragment or section of one of the nations (and this, too, a fragment or section which is unknown to the other nation in all treaty stipulations) may modify the terms of the engagement?

The *locus in quo*, moreover, of the crime charged upon the American fishermen in Fortune Bay may also be cited in support of the proposition sustained by Mr. Evarts when he holds that the treaty, the treaty only, and nothing but the treaty, can be accepted as defining our fishing rights "in common" with those of British subjects. According to the well-known principles of British and American jurisprudence the jurisdiction of common law courts is limited to such offenses as are committed within the body of some county. And if, as Judge Story has said, "there is an alternate or divided jurisdiction of the courts of common law and of admiralty in places between high and low water mark, the former having jurisdiction when and as far as the tide is out, and the latter when and as far as the tide is in," it would still remain to be said that our fishermen in Fortune Bay, when so injuriously set upon by the Newfoundland rioters, were there in the exercise of a right secured by the treaty of 1871, and a right which no common or statute law could abridge without subverting the principles of jurisprudence recognized by the courts of England and of the United States. That Lord Salisbury will take this view of the question when he comes to look a little deeper into the condition of the problem set before him we cannot doubt; and in the meantime we would invoke a dispassionate treatment of the topic as well in our own country as in England. The strength of the American position would seem to free us from the necessity of making any appeal to popular passions or international rivalries.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

IF, as now seems possible, war shall be renewed over the Eastern Question, England will be chiefly to blame. But for her arrogant imposition in the Treaty of Berlin of unnatural conditions as to some of the provinces which Russia had liberated from Turkish misgovernment, the peace concluded at San Stefano might have lasted for years. Having attempted to bolster the Ottoman rule in the face of justice and fair play, and denied to Russia the legitimate fruits of her triumph, she now finds that the very "logic of events" which she has despised is stronger than all her artificial "adjustments"; and she will be fortunate, indeed, if she is not compelled to pay very dearly for her purely selfish policy at a time when the interests of civilization should have been the supreme concern.

Just now some of the English journals are denouncing with great severity what they are pleased to call the "bad faith" of Russia in refusing to withdraw her troops from Turkish territory. But the fact is that Russia is not violating in this matter any engagement or compact whatever. By the preliminaries of peace signed at San Stefano it was stipulated that the Russian troops should remain in Turkish territory, which now comes neither under the designation of Bulgaria nor under the designation of Eastern Roumelia, for three months after the ratification of a definitive treaty between Russia and Turkey. A definitive treaty—such, at least, is Russia's contention—has not been signed between the Czar and the Sultan; and, therefore, the former is not called upon to withdraw his troops from that portion of the Sultan's territory which lies south of the southern limits of Eastern Roumelia. But this is by no means the whole, or the end, of the claim which Russia urges upon Turkey. Under the preliminaries of San Stefano, Turkey engaged to pay Russia a money indemnity of three hundred million roubles, or, at the lowest computation, two hundred million dollars. This engagement, Russia contends, was not affected by the Treaty of Berlin; and it is certain that there were discussions upon this point in the Congress which justify the conclusion that the plenipotentiaries recognized the claim. All that was urged was, that Russia must claim no priority of payment over the remaining creditors of Turkey. "Under these circumstances, Russia," as the London *Standard* fairly remarks, "if she cannot press for immediate payment—though in some quarters she is reported to be doing so—can at least ask for guarantees; and it is obvious, moreover, that she will assert the pretension to decide whether the guarantees are sufficient. Until she is satisfied she will refuse to ratify any treaty with Turkey; and under cover of non-ratification she will maintain her right to keep her troops in European Turkey within a few days' march of the Turkish capital." It is difficult to see how any impartial English journalist can discover in these facts any ground for the charge that the failure of

the Berlin Treaty, or the miscarriage of the English policy at Berlin, is due to bad faith on the part of Russia.

THE "BALANCE OF TRADE" FALLACY.

AMONG financial absurdities which obtain wide prevalence is that embodied in the "balance of trade" idea. It is popularly supposed—and many of our statesmen and writers have fallen into the belief—that if a country sells a larger amount in dollars and cents than it purchases, the difference is a gain to the solid wealth of the country. Thus it is said that the country is adding to its wealth at the rate of \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 per annum, because the export of domestic products exceeds the import of foreign goods to that extent. If all things were equal as to cost of production, domestic transportation, and like matters, the advantage would, doubtless, be on the side of the country selling more than it purchased, but it is quite possible that, in our case, we are not coining money out of our foreign trade as many would have us believe. If we mistake not, the question of profits enters into the case. Let us see: Our domestic exports largely consist of products of the farm and plantation, our imports of manufactured goods and, to a certain extent, of raw material. The cost of production in foreign countries is far cheaper than in our own. Now, if we export \$600,000,000 of domestic products and receive \$450,000,000 in exchange, there is, unquestionably, a money balance in our favor of \$150,000,000. But who has had the solid advantage in this trade? Supposing our profits, over and above the cost of production, transportation, etc., to have been 20 per cent. and the profit to foreigners, owing to their cheaper labor, etc., to have been 40 per cent., then we have the following result:

Gain to foreigners on \$450,000,000 of products.....	\$180,000,000
Gain to United States on \$600,000,000 of products.....	\$120,000,000
Excess of gain to foreigners.....	\$60,000,000

This illustration will serve to show that the so-called "balance of trade" amounts to nothing, and that it is the balance of profit which must be considered in determining the advantage accruing to our country from its foreign commerce. If, in the conduct of that trade, foreign countries have the advantage of \$60,000,000 gain on a given quantity of exchangeable products, then, certainly, they have the best of the bargain, and the result is not in our favor. It is thus apparent that while the money balance is \$150,000,000 in favor of the United States, the profit on exports is but \$120,000,000, the difference of \$30,000,000 representing the original cost of products shipped to foreign ports. Under this view of the case, it is absurd to argue that a "balance of trade" represents the profitable side of commerce.

THE TRANSATLANTIC OUTLOOK.

THE weather in Europe corresponds to the disturbances that prevail in the financial and political atmosphere. Thus a heavy snow-storm throughout Austria, the snow lying several feet deep, has interrupted railway and telegraphic communication. For a hundred miles around Vienna the wires have been broken. Telegrams from Northern and Eastern Europe announce many storms of the same kind. The Apennines and Black Forest are covered, and the Swiss passes are blocked with snow. In France the rivers are very high, and the Seine threatens an inundation. At London it is cold and wet. In a thick fog and during a high wind, on the 2d instant, the Russian Imperial yacht *Livadia*, bound from Livadia to Odessa, was swamped and subsequently thrown on the rocks along shore; the Grand Duke Sergius, a son of the Czar, and also Count Schouvaloff, were on board, but were rescued, uninjured, with the other passengers. Wintry cold must already be felt among both the troops of the Anglo-Indian army and those of the Ameer's army, now gathering near the mountainous southeastern frontier of Afghanistan. Indeed, sickness and hunger among the Afghan soldiers and consequent desertions have excited hopes at Bombay that the Ameer will submit unconditionally to the British demands. In this case, however, the wish is father to the thought, and the reported advance of the Ameer on Laporia, in order to defend the Khyber Pass, does not warrant such an expectation. It is significant, moreover, that several thousand former Russian soldiers and officers have been permitted to volunteer and start for Afghanistan.

Sensational stories published in the English journals announce the discovery of a fourth private treaty secretly made by Lord Beaconsfield at Berlin. The treaty is said to be an agreement between Beaconsfield and Count Andrássy, on the part of their respective nations, that if Russia should endeavor to remain on

Turkish territory after May, 1879, England and Austria will insist on her complete withdrawal. If Russia should urge that Turkey is unable to protect the Christians, owing to the disturbed state of affairs in Roumelia, England and Austria will furnish a garrison to relieve the Russians. The purport of this important treaty has been communicated to Russia, and what will come of it will be seen, probably, long before next June. Meanwhile, the Russian and Austrian journals are engaged in a war of recrimination on account of the atrocities which they mutually charge each other with having committed on the Turkish provinces. Neither of these professedly "protecting" powers appears to have much more control than the Porte itself over the populations of the provinces. For a single example, a body of Bulgarians, numbering 4,000, has just burned fourteen villages in Demotica. The formidable Rhodope insurrection, however, has been brought to an end by the assassination of Omar Aga, one of its most influential leaders. The Sultan has notified the European Powers of several reasons for not convoking the Turkish Parliament this year, although he declares his resolution to maintain the new Constitution.

The recent municipal elections in England were conducted with a view to political rather than local objects, and their results were on the whole favorable to the Liberal Party. The Home Rule Confederation has arranged a series of demonstrations in the larger towns of the United Kingdom. In Germany, Prince Bismarck has foreshadowed the Imperial Government's protectionist tendencies. The object of this movement is surmised to be the establishment of a customs union in Eastern Europe under the leadership of Germany, against Western Europe, especially England. On the other hand, a free trade league has been formed in Germany with a view to resisting the retrograde protectionist policy of the Government. The Swiss Republic has lost by the death of Jean-Jacques Fazy, at the age of eighty-two, one of its best and most useful citizens, an eminent writer on finance and political economy, and the illustrious ex-President of the Federal Council. The French Republic has also recently lost one of its most faithful citizens, Garnier-Pagès, another authority on finance and political economy, and who wrote a history of the Revolution of 1848, was a member of the Provisional Government in that memorable year, and, in 1870, a member of the Government of National Defense. At his death he was nearly seventy-six years old. The truly conservative influence of the French Republic is now assured by the results of the preliminary elections for Senators. The Republicans will unquestionably secure forty-six of the seventy-five Senatorships to be filled in January, 1879, making thus a gain of twenty-eight. *Vive la République Française!*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COMPETITION.

THE change which has taken place within the last few years in regard to the commercial relations of England and the United States is the subject of a good deal of comment in the London journals. The *Globe*, for instance, makes the subject the text for a warning to English workmen not to strengthen the hands of foreigners by renewing the disastrous struggles between labor and capital, "which have done so much of late years to paralyze our native industry." So long as the United States sent to Great Britain the surplus of their cereal produce, there was no complaint. Not only did such an arrangement offer no ground for alarm, but this supplementing of local and European supplies was an immense advantage to England. When, in addition to corn, she received bacon, beef, and meats of all kinds in tins, only the English butchers grumbled. The general public welcomed the imports which helped to keep down the price of the necessities of life. But now that America takes her stand on a level with England in those manufactures in which she has hitherto been supreme, the competition excites the greatest anxiety. Among recent imports from America are boots and shoes, perfumery, jewelry and piece goods. "We have no right to complain of these invasions," says the *Globe*, "but it certainly behooves us to endeavor to meet the Americans by producing, if possible, better manufactured articles at equally moderate prices." It will be found a matter of greater ease to say what ought to be done than to do it, and if England cannot solve the problem (of which there is only that one solution), her manufacturing supremacy is clean gone. A London correspondent, reviewing the situation, says truly and significantly:

"In the ordinary course of things, the day must come when the Old Country must take a back seat, or, at all events, admit to the front rank with her the young and busy Republic which has sprung from her loins. There are old-fashioned commercial men who would at this juncture partially revive the old days of protection; but the liberal spirit of the country is altogether opposed to

such a retrograde movement. That England has a right to look for mere reciprocity at the hands of the older countries is certain. On the face of it, nothing seems more absurd than the free export to Belgium of raw materials, which come back to us in the shape of manufactured goods, to undersell us in our home markets. In regard to America, the day will come when she can afford to indulge in the luxury of free trade. Politicians of the Manchester school blame the United States that she has not altered her tariff long ago; but even severe political economists must admit that, in the early days of a nation, manufacturing enterprise must be fostered and encouraged. Protection gives the first basis to industrial operations. The wonderful progress of American manufactures during the last twenty years is the best answer to men like Jacob Bright. England cannot blame America for following in her own footsteps. There are certain English staple commodities which many far-seeing and broad-minded politicians say we should protect, even in the present day, and it would not surprise me to see the question of free trade once more on its trial in theory, in fact, and in practice, before American competition is many years older."

THE publication of the newspapers of the fever-stricken cities of the South was attended with very serious difficulties during the prevalence of the plague. Of the employees of the *Memphis Appeal*, sixty-eight were attacked by the fever, and thirty-two of that number died. The other papers of the city also suffered severely, one of them being compelled to suspend by the ravages of the fever among its working force.

THE election of General Joseph R. Hawley as a Member of Congress from Connecticut is one of the most gratifying incidents of the recent political contest. High personal character and inflexible fidelity to principle were never more urgently needed in the public service than at this moment; and the selection of men of the stamp of General Hawley, whose ability and patriotism are universally acknowledged, furnishes solid ground for encouragement as to the popular appreciation of this dominant political necessity of the times.

AUSTRALIA has determined to hold an International Exposition in the Autumn of 1880. A public garden in the centre of Melbourne has been secured for the Exposition, and Parliament has voted \$300,000 for the erection of the necessary buildings. Those who remember the Australian exhibit at our Centennial will not doubt for a moment the ability of that enterprising people to make the proposed exhibition a magnificent success. American producers, who desire to find a market in the Southern Hemisphere, should make early preparations for the display of their wares at Melbourne.

It is said that the annual Message of the President to Congress, at the commencement of the December session, will contain a recommendation for the enactment of legislation, either to increase the weight of the standard silver dollar, or to limit its coinage, or to adopt both of these means of preventing further depreciation of its value. The Cabinet is reported to be unanimous in favoring some recommendation of this sort. The country would certainly hail with satisfaction so positive an evidence of the existence of a pronounced financial purpose in the mind of the Executive. But it is a fallacy to suppose that the value of the silver dollar can be raised by legislation to that of gold.

GENERAL BUTLER does not appear to be altogether cast down by his defeat. He still professes abiding faith in the Greenback movement, and predicts that the party representing the "Ohio Idea" will carry the country. He is prepared to enter for the race again next year, and it is thought his friends will endeavor to control the Democratic Party, claiming that those who voted for Talbot, the Republican candidate, have renounced all allegiance to it. But it is not probable that the General will ever again command as many votes for the Governorship of the old Bay State as he received in the recent contest—when he had all the Adullamites at his back.

THE London police force consists of four district superintendents, twenty-five superintendents, 270 inspectors, 1,051 sergeants, and 9,009 constables. The total expenditures of the department last year were \$5,376,185. The police force of the City of New York numbers some 2,500 men, and the estimated cost of the department for the current year is \$3,999,895. That is to say, a police force in New York, equal in numbers and efficiency to that of London, would cost the taxpayers \$16,573,965, or three times as much as that of the English metropolis. Is there any good reason for this difference in the cost of the police protection enjoyed by the two cities?

THE San Francisco Board of Underwriters does not appear to share the prejudice of the "hoodlums" against John

Chinaman. A rule of that Board provides that no insurance company can pay commissions to any person for business obtained unless that person has been regularly elected a broker by the Board. Recently an election was held, there being a long list of applicants, when, to the surprise of many, a Chinaman was elected, while several white men of good business standing were rejected. Undoubtedly, this action will shock the lower order of the populace; but it is to be hoped, for the credit of the community, that the Board will not reconsider its decision.

THE working of the Irish Sunday Closing Law, which has just gone into operation, has so far been a complete success. In Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick and Waterford, where the act has only the effect of closing the licensed houses two hours earlier than usual, the result was two hours' earlier quietness. Elsewhere, prohibition being general, quietness was general. The result has disappointed the expectations of those who have insisted that prohibitory legislation would be inoperative. But it by no means proved that men can be made sober by legislation; it simply demonstrates that the liquor traffic, like any other trade, can be restrained when there is a sufficiently strong public opinion in favor of enacting laws to that end; and that fact we should suppose to be beyond dispute by any one who believes in the republican theory of government.

THE new Captain General of Cuba seems to be determined to make his administration acceptable to the people. With that view he is making a tour of inspection throughout the island, giving his personal attention to evils which need to be remedied. It is expected that one of the results of his visit will be the establishment of greater safety against robbers and marauders in the rural districts and of measures for the prompt capture and punishment of those criminals, who, as a natural consequence of the insurrection, have increased to an alarming extent. A wholesome sign of industrial progress in the island is furnished in the fact that a company has been started which has for its principal object the furnishing of funds to parties engaged in agriculture. Its capital will be \$2,000,000 in gold, but it will commence operations as soon as \$1,000,000 is subscribed. The shares are \$100 each, and it is stated that the first series of 2,000 shares was subscribed for in New York before the project was put before the Cuban public.

THERE is a nice little squabble going on in reference to the names of the British ships-of-war. A critic, rushing into print, makes decided objections to *Bouncer* and *Insolent*, and says that the Russians used to laugh at the names of the British vessels during the Crimean War. It cannot be denied that the names of Britannia's ships are rather miscellaneous, ranging from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the light comic to the heavy tragic. Here are some of them: *Bulldog*, *Blazer*, *Bruiser*, *Bloodhound*, *Bozer*, *Basilisk*, *Cracker*, *Mustiff*, *Pike*, *Pincher*, *Scourge*, *Spitfire*, *Snapper*, *Swinger*, *Teaser*, *Thrasher* and *Tickler*. On the other hand, *Thunderer*, *Devastation*, *Inflexible*, *Revenge*. The basis of the Admiralty's choice of names seems to be Landseer's picture of *Dignity* and *Impudence*. Thus the *Ticklers* and *Sneezers* and *Snaps* are little gunboats, while the loud-sounding names, suggesting battle, murder and sudden death, are given to the gigantic monitors carrying the thirty and eighty-ton guns. One would think, however, some happy mean could be struck between *Teaser* and *Thunderer*.

GOVERNOR WADE HAMPTON has not met public expectation by his course during the recent pre-election troubles in South Carolina. While professing to "put behind him every feeling of partisanship," he has claimed that he had no power to prevent violence to individuals unless it took the form of organized "disturbance." "It is not my duty or prerogative to act as policeman or constable, and it is my duty only to see that the laws framed by the Legislature are administered impartially." This is no doubt true, but it is not the whole truth. It is not denied that meetings of colored men and whites in South Carolina have been broken up and dispersed by crowds of partisan assailants; that in some cases personal violence has been done to unoffending citizens by armed bodies of desperadoes; and to tell the persons so assailed, while exercising the undoubted right of free assembly, that their remedy lies with the courts, all of which are in sympathy with the assailants, is the very refinement of cruel sarcasm. Governor Hampton could, if he chose, protect men of all parties against outrage by organized clubs of marauders; he could at least have made a positive effort to do so, and the fact that he has not done so will certainly be counted to his discredit.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Second Free Lutheran Diet in America assembled in Philadelphia, November 5th.

THE State of Pennsylvania will place statues of Robert Fulton and General J. F. Muhlenberg in the Capitol at Washington.

It was discovered on November 7th that the body of A. T. Stewart had been stolen from the vault in St. Mark's Churchyard.

THE annual message of the Governor of Georgia, just sent to the Legislature, states that the balance in the State treasury is \$295,789.

THE Catholic Relief Association of New Orleans makes an appeal for funds to carry on the work of relief among sufferers by yellow fever.

COLLECTOR MERRITT's decision in the kid glove war has been approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, and the opinion prevails that the cases will be carried to the courts.

A new trial in the case of Benjamin Hunter, convicted of the murder of John M. Armstrong, was refused by Judge Woodhull, at Camden, N. J., November 10th, and sentence of death was delivered.

MRS. L. E. ALEXANDER, on trial at Bridgeport, Conn., for complicity in the murder of Stuttering Jack, was found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to State Prison for life on November 8th.

ROBERT L. AND ALEXANDER STEWART, of New York City, have purchased the Potter property, adjoining the campus of Princeton College, and will present it to the institution on condition that the present debt be cancelled and that no part of the estate shall ever be sold or mortgaged.

THE Grand Jury of Richland County, South Carolina, has indicted ex-Governor D. H. Chamberlain and Financial Agent H. H. Kimpton, now a resident of New York, charging them with swindling the State in their capacity as Land Commissioners. Governor Chamberlain has asked an immediate trial.

THE Winter meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was opened in New York on November 8th, when General Abbott, Professor Agassiz and others read papers. At a reception given in the evening by Professor Draper the operations of observing and photographing the last eclipse of the sun were exhibited.

On November 2d Dean Stanley was entertained at breakfast by the Century Club; on the 3d he preached in Grace Church and the Church of the Holy Trinity, on the 4th he received an address from the Baptist ministers, took breakfast with the Episcopal clergymen and visited the Museum of Natural History; on the 5th he visited several polling places in the city, went to Greenwood Cemetery and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and was given a dinner and reception by Cyrus W. Field; and on the 6th he sailed for England.

Foreign.

HEAVY failures in Scotland continue to be announced.

THE Paris Exhibition was formally closed on Sunday, November 10th.

It is estimated that the Cuban sugar crop will amount to 700,000 tons.

THE East Indian Government contemplates making English gold legal tender.

THE subscription for the relief of the ruined City of Glasgow Bank stockholders now amounts to \$450,000.

THERE was a very heavy gale along the English coast on Sunday, November 10th, and numerous wrecks are reported.

COUNT ANDRASSY has been sustained by the Reichsrath, which, by a vote of 160 to 70, approved the occupation of Bosnia by Austria.

GENERAL GRANT dined with the King of Portugal on the 1st instant, and was offered the highest decoration of knighthood known to the kingdom.

FRANCE has issued a note advising that diplomatic pressure be exerted in favor of the claims of Greece on Turkey. Italy and Germany have consented to mediate between Greece and the Porte.

THE relations of Russia to the Vatican are viewed with alarm. Negotiations have been suspended, and the Pope is said to be preparing a protest against the violence which the Catholics of Poland endure from the Russian authorities.

CORKEY, the winner of the Astley champion belt, has issued a challenge to compete against O'Leary, the American, for \$500 and the Astley champion belt, won by the American at the first tournament. He agrees to allow O'Leary's expenses to England.

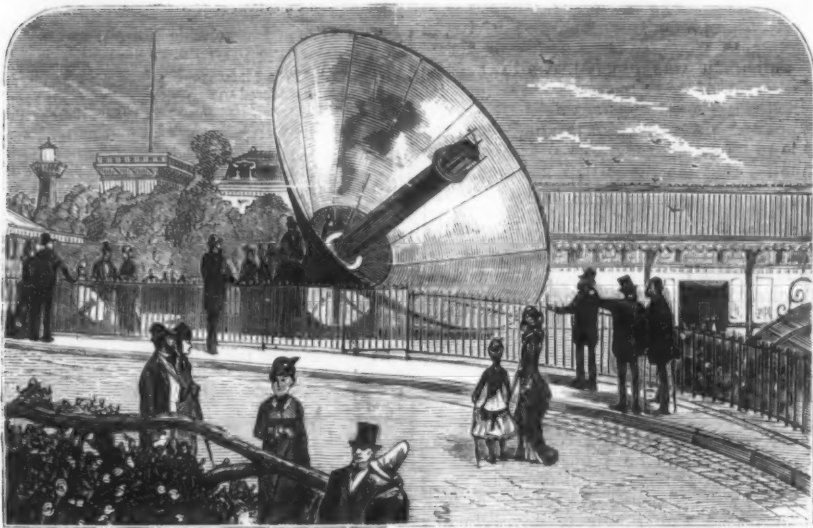
A BODY of Bulgarians, numbering 4,000, has burned fourteen villages in the district of Demotica. The Porte has sent a note to Prince Labanoff, pointing out the fact that the Russians are powerless to repress the Bulgarian movements. In another note to Prince Labanoff, the Porte discusses the non-evacuation of Turkish territory by the Russians.

THE American exhibitors at the Paris Exposition presented a complimentary address to Commissioner General McCormick, accompanied by two vases of bronze, costing \$1,600, on the 6th instant. The leading American residents of Paris have tendered Mr. McCormick a public dinner, which will probably be given at the Continental on the 26th instant.

A TELEGRAM from Constantinople says Russia is establishing a second line of defense at Adrianople. Several prominent Turks, believing that the attitude of the Russians in Roumelia will lead to war with England and Turkey, are anxious to convince Minister Layard that the best mode of fighting Afghanistan would be to engage Russia in Europe. The Sultan's immediate advisers, however, are pacific. Several ministers, and especially the military party, favor definitive cession of a portion of Bosnia to Austria, so as to secure her neutrality in view of future contingencies.

An important international agreement has just been made known. Before the plenipotentiaries left Berlin, Lord Beaconsfield and Count Andrassy signed a treaty, providing that if Russia should endeavor to remain on Turkish territory after May, 1879, England and Austria will insist on her complete withdrawal. If Russia should urge that Turkey is unable to protect the Christians, owing to the disturbed state of affairs in Roumelia, England and Austria will furnish a garrison to relieve the Russians. The purport of this treaty was communicated to Russia. In Paris it is stated that *pourparlers* are proceeding for a conference respecting a revision of the Treaty of Berlin. The idea originates in Berlin or Vienna.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press. — SEE PAGE 195.



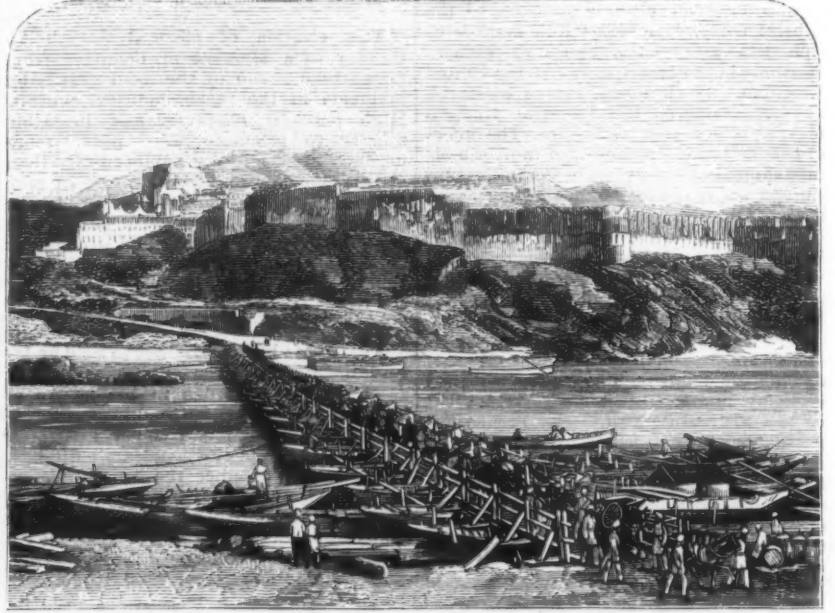
FRANCE.—APPARATUS FOR UTILIZING THE RAYS OF THE SUN, EXHIBITED IN PARIS.



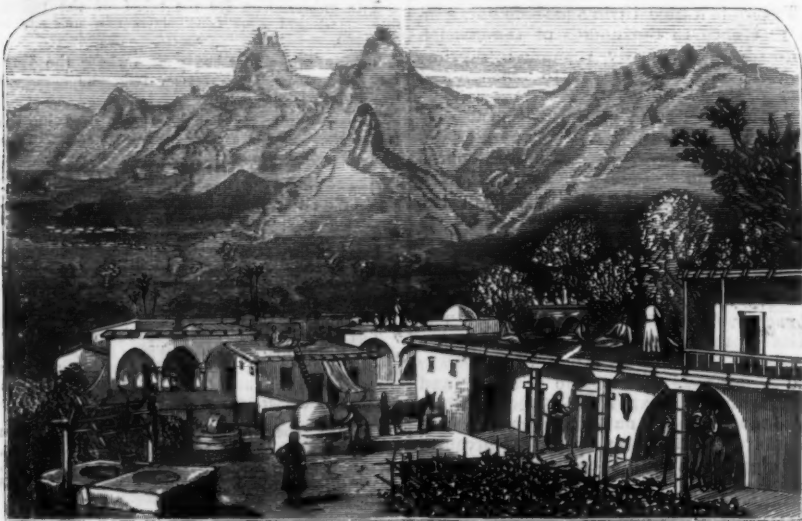
FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—INTERIOR OF THE PHOTOCHROMOGRAPHIC PAVILION.



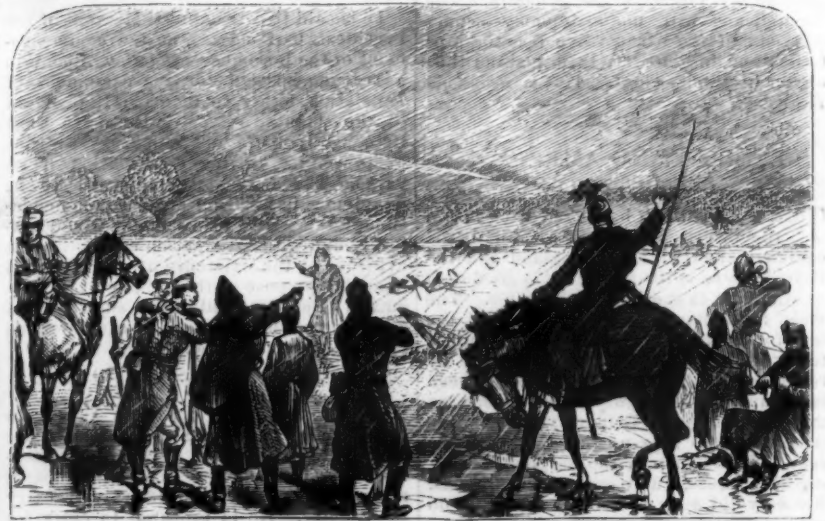
AFGHANISTAN.—BRITISH COMMISSIONER AND STAFF WHO WERE REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE KHYBER PASS.



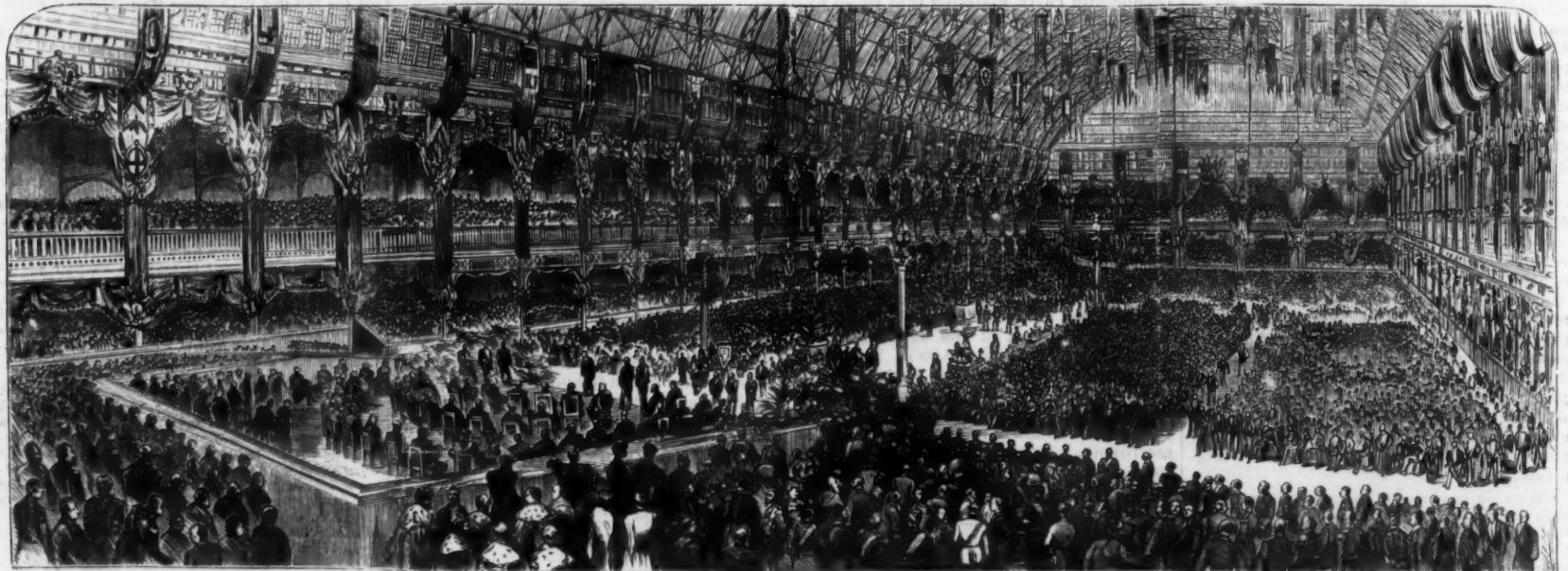
AFGHANISTAN.—VIEW OF AT-OCK, SHOWING THE BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS.



CYPRUS.—VILLAGE OF KHUMI KEDIR, WITH CARPAS MOUNTAINS.



BOSNIA.—BREAKING UP OF THE AUSTRIAN MILITARY BRIDGE, NEAR DOBOJ.



FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—DISTRIBUTION OF THE DIPLOMAS OF HONOR BY PRESIDENT MACMAHON, IN THE PALACE DE L'INDUSTRIE.

EDWARD COOPER,
THE MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW
YORK CITY.

THE recent political contest in this city was altogether exceptional. It did not turn entirely upon partisan considerations, as so many of our municipal elections do, but upon the higher question of the right of the people to govern themselves without the interference of cliques or autocratic influences of any sort whatever. The combination of Democrats, Republicans and non-partisans against Tammany Hall had as its impelling and controlling motive a wide popular discontent with the political methods of that organization; and no better proof of the depth of that feeling could be possibly afforded than in the universal fidelity with which all parties to the combination adhered to the nominations made in its name, and which were so largely successful. Fortunately, these nominations were eminently worthy and deserving, and their success, therefore, may be regarded as a fact full of promise for the future of the metropolis.

Mr. Edward Cooper, the Mayor-elect, represents the very best element of our city population. Born in 1824, and graduating at Columbia College at the age of eighteen years, he traveled in Europe during the year 1843-4, when, although the son of a rich man, he went into business with Mr. Abram S. Hewitt. The business in which he embarked was the iron and steel manufacture, and from the first he devoted himself to acquiring a mastery of everything pertaining to that pursuit, finally possessing himself of so thorough a scientific knowledge of the whole subject that the expertest workman could not embarrass him as to any one of the multitudinous details. He could build a blast furnace as easily as he could judge the temper of a piece of steel. At the same time he was a careful and sagacious business man, and these faculties, combined with the quick foresight and energy of his partner, enabled the firm to extend its undertakings so far that it came to rank among the largest employers of the country. The firm of Cooper, Hewitt & Co. is now in business at 17 Burling Slip as iron-masters, and as founders at the Trenton Iron Works and the New Jersey Iron and Steel Works. The blast furnaces at Phillipsburg, Pa., were built by this firm, which now operates similar works at Ringwood, N. J., and Durham, Pa. The firm also owns coal-mines near Pottsville, Pa., and has iron works and mining interests in Tennessee and Michigan. Mr. Cooper is also

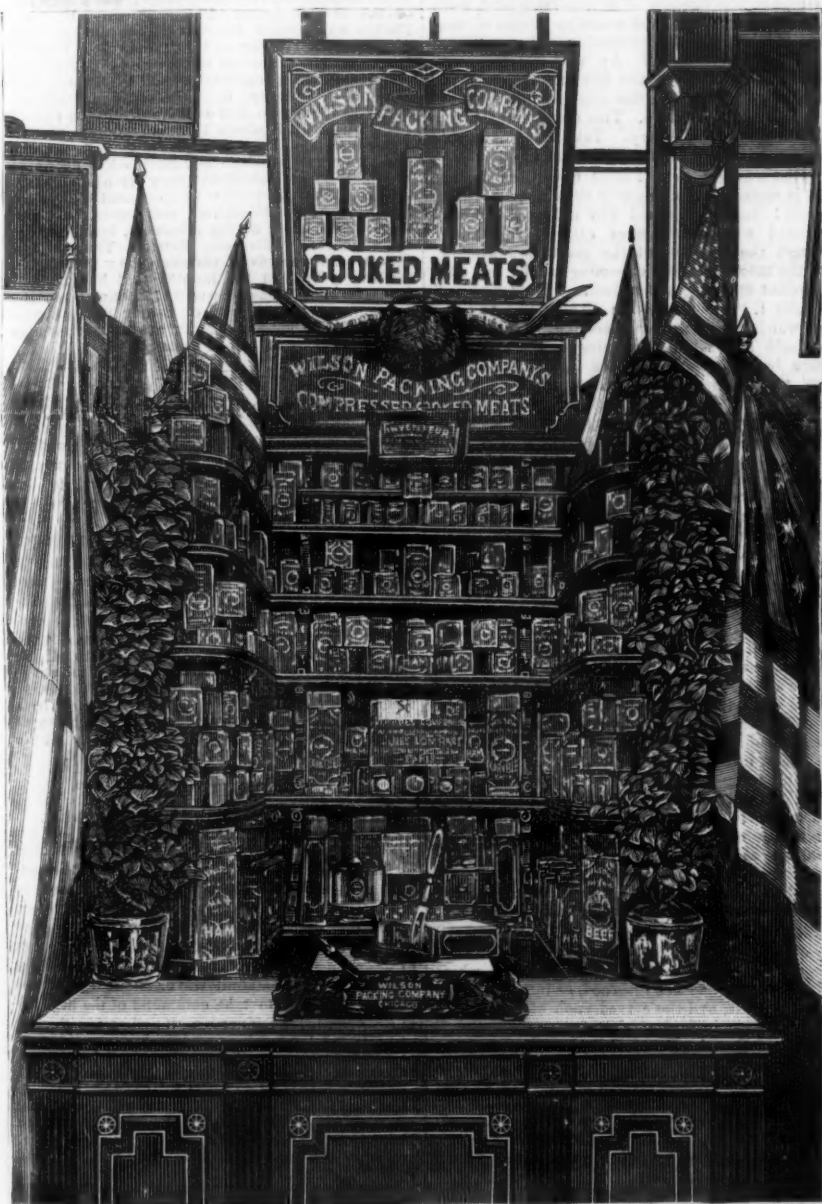


HON. EDWARD COOPER, MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK CITY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

at the head of his father's gelatine works in Brooklyn, the largest of the kind in the world.

In politics Mr. Cooper has always been a Democrat. He has been a delegate to several national conventions, and since the downfall of the Tweed Ring has taken an active part in the City and State politics. He rendered valuable service to the city as Street Commissioner, having been appointed such by Mayor Tiemann, at a time when that officer was charged with nearly all the functions of the present Commissioner of Public Works except the administration of the affairs of the Croton Aqueduct, besides having to attend to certain duties pertaining to taxes and assessments. He has been a member of the Democratic State Central Committee; member of the Committee of Seventy; School Trustee in the City of New York for six years; and Trustee of the Cooper Union since 1857. In person, Mr. Cooper is of medium height, well and squarely built, with large, expressive eyes, regular features and a full growth of auburn hair tinged with gray, which he parts in the middle. He wears a short-cut, full beard, well sprinkled with gray, and has a ruddy, healthy complexion. In the position to which he is now elevated, he will, no doubt, display with more conspicuous force than ever before the high qualities which make him one of the representative men of the metropolis.

On the night of the election, the friends and supporters of Mr. Cooper assembled in large numbers at Irving Hall, whence, as soon as his success was assured, a committee was sent to invite his presence. The invitation was promptly accepted. At the moment Irving Place was crowded with several thousands of persons curious about the result of the election. As Mr. Cooper passed along the street from the hotel to the hall he was recognized and was repeatedly cheered. It was with difficulty that his escort forced their way through the crowd and into Irving Hall. As Mr. Cooper walked through a lane that was formed in the excited assemblage, a peal of applause broke out spontaneously, and the utmost efforts of the policemen could not prevent the people from crowding close to and upon the platform, so that it was with no little exertion that the Mayor-elect could get to it. After waiting several minutes for the uproar to subside, Mr. Cooper delivered a brief address, and then proceeded to the Westminster Hotel, where he again appeared before the enthusiastic populace.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—EXHIBIT OF CANNED MEATS BY THE WILSON PACKING COMPANY OF CHICAGO.
SEE PAGE 195.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—VALVOLINE EXHIBIT OF LEONARD & ELLIS, NEW YORK.
SEE PAGE 195.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER HORN.

I AM in the diligence, on the road between Paris and Lyons. I have been journeying wearily all the night, and now, with an uneasy stretch, have roused myself to let down the window of the *coupé*. I look out inquiringly into the night. It is dark—pitch dark—all round us. But there is a gray streak ahead, joyfully welcomed as significant of morning.

By-and-by it begins to grow lighter. The gray streak has made progress during our last doze, and we find it now spread all over the heavens. Shortly come fragrant aromatic gales, suggestive of a social morning pipe.

We have stopped at last. There is a great iron gate beside us, with a dull oil-lamp swinging overhead. There is a great white post rising from the ground, on which a broad signboard is lazily flapping to-and-fro. Some one is pulling vigorously at a bell with a very mournful note; and, through the twisted ironwork of the gate we see lanterns moving this way. I am invited to descend.

"Where are we? What place is this?"

"Why, this is the Cor d'Argent, where monsieur can dine and make himself comfortable—for one hour, and no longer—*Nom du Pape!*"

It was a curious and most mysterious-looking old mansion, this Silver Horn, on the road between Paris and Lyons. It had not the persuasive and seductive aspect of a well-favored inn; but was a dark, heavy-browed, and even menacing pile of building. It loomed on us through the darkness, a black, shadowy mass, and, on the whole, gave small promise of decent entertainment. From a large shield over the door, now worn away and defaced, I conjectured that, in better days, it had belonged to some noble seigneur. The host stood under the shelter of his porch, waiting to receive us—a grim descendant of some old Huguenot of the days of the great Louis—so grim and grizzled, indeed, that as he stood there shading the light with his hand, I almost fancied I was looking at the effigies of Messire de Beze, or that of Maître Jean Calvin.

"A chamber in the inn of the Cor d'Argent"—a lofty oaken room whereof the oak that figured in its panels, in its smooth floor and furniture, had grown into a mourning ebony tint. Dinner and the vestiges of dinner have passed away, and a flask of sound Burgundy has just been set on. There is a roaring wood fire—a conflagration of riven blocks—raised upon the backs of queer blinking monsters; the high-backed armchair has been drawn in closer. In short, all has been made snug and taut for the night, as the sailors say. My diligence is, by this time, many miles on its road; and, at this moment, may be reeling and tottering on some perilous hillside. The fact was, I had grown so contented with the caravanserai, that I had suffered the huge machine to go its way without me.

"Not for a principality would I stir now," I said, complacently, as I looked at the comforting fire before me, and filled out another glass of the Burgundy—"positively not for a principality!"

"A very mysterious old place this," I continued, after a short pause, as my eye wandered down to the other end of the room, which was all in darkness. The light of the lamp did not reach very far; so a great black cloud, the opening as it were of some dark abyss, seemed to hover at the far extremity. The great curtains, hanging in stiff massive folds with breadths of shadow playing over them, were awe-inspiring enough, too. I thought me of one of Mr. Fitzball's productions, a drama of thrilling interest, entitled "The Inn-keeper of Abbeville," which I remember having seen played at one of the transpontine theatres. What the exact plot was I did not very well recollect, but I recalled perfectly the lonely roadside inn, and the startling melange of horrors which were enacted there one dark night. The wearied traveler sleeps—soft music—the assassin (all cloak) advances stealthily; he stands over him—traveler breathes—hard—agitated music—Ha! what was that? some one comes! music still more agitated—they are at the door—lamp extinguished—a groan—scene closes in slowly to heart-rending music.

It was curious, certainly, that there were so few signs of life about the inn. It is odd not hearing some sounds of moving about. Could it be that I am the only inhabitant? I can make nothing of it. This Burgundy is decidedly good. Then those queer stories I have read about posadas and patronas—people going to sleep in a posada, with the horse tethered at the other end, and awaking at the critical moment when the patron's knife is in the air! A very unpleasant state of things. It would be a good joke if my patron were to pay me such a visit—why, if—

There came a sound of footsteps on the oak floor, and the figure of the host himself stepped from out of the black cloud at the end of the room. As he advanced the light fell upon his yellow, polished head, which seemed as if it had been carved out of some hard, close-grained wood.

"The Burgundy—would I have more of it?"

The chin so grim and grizzled, with a sort of bluish tint over it. It was Messire Beze for all the world!

"Well, then, should he show me the room where I am to sleep—that is, if monsieur would permit him?"

"No, thank you," I said, "I am not going to bed just yet. By-the-way, many people stopping in the house?"

"Besides yourself, not one."

"Ah, that is bad for trade!"

"I do not complain."

"And the next town?"

"It is three leagues away."

"And the village?"

"One league."

"Not a very social neighborhood, I should say?"

"There is not a house within a league's distance."

I was a little discomposed by this confession; and there was a pause for a second or so.

"To say the truth, *mon ami*," I said, at last, "I can scarcely think this house was ever intended for an inn."

"No more was it," said he, rubbing his hand slowly over his chin, with a grinding sound like that of a file. "It was once the house of a great marquis, now passed away with all his tribe. But that was long ago, in the days of the Persecutions."

"And the marquis?"

"He passed over into foreign countries. But there was an old man—his chaplain, in fact—who refused to abandon the ancestral walls, and so met his death here. This was an ancestor of mine."

(I could have sworn it! I had only to supply the Geneva bands, and the old preacher was there before me!)

"The hand of the Lord lay heavy on us in those times," he continued. "There is a tradition of their having dragged him bleeding down the long gallery outside, with his young daughter clinging to him and shrieking all the way. A night of horrors! But it is time that I withdraw. Monsieur will excuse me if I wish him Good-night!"

"Wait a moment," I said, rising. "I think I shall go myself, too. Where am I to sleep to-night?"

He took up the lamp and preceded me. As we came out upon the gallery a fierce gust came sweeping by, slamming the door behind us, and almost extinguishing the light. Presently another door was heard to slam—afar off; and the sound echoed down what seemed to be a long and lofty gallery. My sleeping room lay at the very end of this gallery, *vis-à-vis* to the one we had just left. I thought we would never reach the end of it—it seemed such a lone and dreary journey. At intervals, too, we would come suddenly upon some black yawning recess, from which I was momentarily expecting some unearthly figure to glide forth.

"And the young lady?" I said, as we at last found ourselves in the gloomy chamber I was to inhabit for the night. "You did not say what became of her?"

"You are interested in my tale, monsieur?"

"Why, yes," I said, "it has made rather an impression on me."

"Well! there is little more to tell. That night they put her in a lonely room, with a guard at the door; meaning, no doubt, to preserve her for deeper suffering and humiliation. But the Lord is mindful of His own, and He assisted her out of this lion's den. That night she fled away, nor was she ever seen again by mortal man."

Come, I thought, the plot thickens. Marvels and mysteries are gathering round me.

"They said she sat up late that night writing. The light in the window was seen burning all night; and, when they came in the morning, the only trace they could find of her was a note, lying on her desk, addressed to themselves—her father's murderers. See," he continued, taking from his pocketbook an old crumbling scrap of paper, grown tawny with age like a mummy's skin—"see! this is the holy relic itself. It has come down to me by the hands of the persecuted, written in words of fire."

He unfolded it; and, drawing the lamp to him, read slowly and in a tone that sounded strangely solemn from the perfect stillness that reigned around:

"On a toi mon père et deshonore son corps. Malheur à vous! Maudit soit votre race! Le sang des martyrs monte vers les cieux et réclame la justice. H— O mon Dieu! avec mon dernier soupir j'invoque ta vengeance!"

[They have killed my father and dishonored his body, cursed be your race! The blood of the martyrs rises to heaven and demands justice. Oh, my God! with my last breath I invoke thy vengeance!]

His voice rang in my ears for long after that night. As he stood there delivering that wild malediction, he looked a very prophet from the wilderness. He did not speak for some time, but remained with eyes upturned to Heaven—as it seemed to me, praying.

"Ah! Messire de Beze—Messire de Beze!" I muttered under my breath.

"Was she handsome?" I said, at last, to break this depressing silence.

"Handsome!" he said, coming down again to earth. "Handsome! I know not. There is an old painting here," he continued, holding up the lamp to the wall, "which they say is meant for her; but who can tell?"

It was a faded, moldering bit of canvas, let in the wall, with a rent here and there; yet the face and figure could be made out perfectly—and a fair face it was: with her golden hair falling round her to the ground. She was kneeling; and, at her feet was a sort of scroll, on which I could make out the words, "How long, oh, Lord, how long!"

He had followed the direction of my eyes, and saw that I was studying this mystic device—"How long, oh, Lord!" I heard him muttering softly to himself; and, before I could address him, he had glided from the room without a word.

I was alone at last, and, I must confess, felt infinitely more at my ease now that I was released from the presence of the grim Huguenot. But the portrait and the strange history connected with it had completely upset me. I would have given anything to have heard more about it. And that desponding legend underneath, significant of a world of patient hope, suffering, and despair—I could not get it out of my head. Such a fate for one so young and beautiful—for one so—

Come, this will never do. If I let this go on, I shall have no sleep to-night, and heaven knows I want it.

When I sleep in strange places I always have a fancy for learning all the details of the whereabouts before I lie down. With this view I went over to the large bow window, or, rather, recess, for it inclosed a good portion of the room; and, lifting aside the heavy curtains, looked out. It was now near the middle of the night by the castle clock. The moon was up and playing tranquilly upon the objects outside, all whitened over with a film of frost. There was a broad, old-fashioned garden just below, upon which the cold pale light streamed with wonderful effect, every line being brought out with the distinctness of a photograph. There were broad alleys, marked out with some rugged yews that had once known trimming; and there was a shattered lion's head, with a dry marble basin underneath; the stream had ceased to gush from the lion's mouth long ago—longer than the

memory of the most ancient inhabitant. But what particularly attracted me was a circular pond in the centre, with a battered effigy of Regulus (in lead) rising in the middle—Regulus turning his sightless orbs up in the white moonlight. Strange to say, the water had remained unfrozen, and was surging and eddying, from unknown depths. I recollect how curiously its black turbid surface contrasted with the snowy look of everything round. It made me feel chilly and uncomfortable to look at it. So I turned away from the window, and set myself seriously to the business of disrobing. Nor had I much time to spare. The fire had nearly died out, and the lamp was showing symptoms of inanition.

It was certainly an awful-looking structure, that antique bedstead. Four black pillars shooting high in the air, and a dark mass of draperies and carvings crowding all overhead. Indeed, as it rose towering to the ceiling, it reminded me of nothing so much as of a catafalque—a plumed, ghostly catafalque. A fanciful conceit, truly. But some way that night I found myself tending towards a strain of mortuary metaphor. However, catafalque or no, I was very tired and exhausted, and it was in a very placid state of mind that I laid down my head upon the pillow, and turned round to sleep.

My lamp, after many struggles with approaching dissolution, had gone out with a sudden start some minutes before. As it shot up and flickered in its agony, my catafalque was being exhibited on the wall beside me in all sorts of queer shapes and spectral elongations, which disturbed me somewhat and gave me an uneasy feeling. So I was very glad when it last gave up the ghost and sank down into darkness most cimmerian.

Someway, with all my fatigue, I found that sleep was not to be my portion—for some time, at least. I had been thinking of too many things; and these thoughts were now rioting and jostling one another in my unhappy brain, with activity most ill-timed. Then, again, I wanted to get to sleep—a state of mind, as everybody knows, fatally subversive of the end intended. Every incident of that weary day seemed to be chasing each other through my head. The yellow, skull-like forehead and black, piercing eyes of the Huguenot landlord kept dancing up and down before my eyes, shut them as close as I would. Confused sounds as of horns, with shouting in all its degrees, now faint and musical as if afar off, now sharp and acute, seemed ever rising from the depths of the pillow, forcing the barriers of my ears into the recesses of my bewildered brain; while a monotonous buzzing sensation, like the drone of a bagpipe, revived once more the ceaseless rolling of the diligence. Under such cruel torture, it is nowise surprising that I soon reached the tossing stage; and not long after found myself beating my pillow—very vindictively, I must confess. At last, in utter recklessness, I lay back, quite resigned, staring in most unnatural wakefulness at the great bow-window opposite. The moonlight was still streaming placidly in through the lozenge-shaped panes, just touching, as it passed, with little white splashes of light, projecting bits of the polished old furniture. I remember particularly a prominent knob on an ancient, queerly shaped *garde-robe* which grew before my eyes to the likeness of a manikin's head, with features all complete, and which in process of time appeared actually to wink familiarly at me. Where had I seen him before? Ay, that was the question. At the door of the last auberge, was it? Perhaps so. I can ask the conductor at the next stage. Yes, that will do. This *coupé* or catafalque is getting very cold—very. Take care, take care! Go easy down the hill! Where am I?

What a good idea! I must have been dozing, that is certain. No longer in the diligence, thank heaven! but in the old Cor d'Argent. There overhead was the sombre canopy, and there, through the mullions of the great bow-window, was the moonlight still streaming in icily, and falling aslant upon the oaken floor. "How curious," thought I, "the association of ideas!" And my eyes wandered over to the manikin's head, which no doubt had set me dreaming of the diligence. There he was, staring at me familiarly as ever, with the same white streak of light upon his cheek. As I looked with a sort of lazy recognition, I was a little puzzled at finding the white spot disappear of a sudden, and at the same time I became conscious that the light in the room had become obscured, as if some object had interposed between me and the window.

I turned round hastily, and saw, as it seemed to me, something very like a shadowy human figure sitting in the window. I did not gather more than that; for I was so startled, and—shall I confess it?—so frightened, that I shut my eyes tight on the instant, without waiting to see more, and sank back with a sudden oppression on my chest, which it is painful even now to recall. I believe I am as courageous as the generality of men; but somehow I have always had an instinctive dread of anything of this sort; for, as far as I could see, even in that short glance, there was a filmy transparency about what I had seen that whispered me that this was no human intruder.

Stuff! to be frightened at a mere spectrum—at the offspring of indigestion, of rebellious Burgundy and truffles! Well, I must say I had hoped better things of myself. Besides, there were such creatures as nightmares, were there not? To be sure there were! So, reasoning in this fashion, I thought I would venture to take another look, and I would lay myself ten to one it would be gone.

Slowly, and with a palpitating heart, I opened my eyes—not in that direction, but looking toward the manikin, by way of experiment. The white splash of light had not returned, or rather had departed with it, and the carved knob of the *garde-robe* was there instead of him.

Ah, still there! Yes, full in the moonlight, and sitting at the little table was the same figure—a woman's—writing she seemed to be. But so dim were the outlines, so faint and colorless its filmy texture, that every instant I thought it would melt away and dissolve into the calm waste of moonlight playing round it. Such an unearthly bluish tinge in that moonlight!

There she sat, with her head bent over, intently writing, it seemed; yet so still—motionless as death. And there was I, sitting up in the bed watching her with strained eyeballs, perfectly fascinated;

my forehead damp with a cold sweat, my heart palpitating so that I could hear every beat. There was a bell near me, I knew, even within reach of my arm. But for all the world I durst not have stirred. There she sat and wrote on, motionless as ever. She had long yellow hair, which fell about her face as she bent over, and reached nearly to the ground, and which looked a bright gold-color where the moon fell on it. But what struck me, even in all my agitation, was how straight and heavy it seemed to fall—not clustering, or in wavy tresses; it seemed as if it had been wet. And her dress—yes, that seemed, too, absolutely glistening and clinging close to her as if fresh from the water. It was stained all over with sand and gravel.

"How is all this to end?" I thought, with a sort of hopeless despair. Just then she seemed to move—to raise her head. The golden locks fell back heavily, and she was now leaning on her hand, looking up to the sky. The blue, sepulchral light passed in a slanting line across the face, and lit up its outward edge, and the hand and arm. I watched with delirious expectation. She had continued long in that attitude—looking up to heaven—when, on a sudden, the golden locks dropped aside, and I felt that she had turned her face and was looking fixedly at me! By the yellow light I saw before me a marble-looking face all bleached, and dull, sunken eyes looking at me. Such a *morne*, melancholy, despairing gaze! Often have I seen it since in my dreams. The sketchy, shadowy figure was now quivering in the broad band of moonlight like a dissolving view before it passes away. Was she going to pass away? No—she had stood up—she was moving towards the bed—towards me! gliding onwards with a soft, floating motion scarcely perceptible. Oh, the agony of that instant! The lack-lustre eyes never turned from me a moment; and I heard her dress sweeping over the floor with a wet, sludgy sound. She was almost beside me now. There was a strange chill—a sudden dampness in the air. There was a shadowy figure bending over me. I gave a wild, gasping cry. "Help!" And I felt a cold, wet hand laid upon my shoulder!

I recollect nothing more after that. That night of horrors passed away, and morning came at last. Whether I had had the nightmare or not, the reader may be sure I did not tarry for another night under the roof-tree of the Silver Horn.

HON. BENJAMIN K. PHELPS,

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY, NEW YORK CITY.

HON. BENJAMIN KINSMAN PHELPS, who was elected District-Attorney at the municipal election on the 5th instant, was born at Haverhill, Mass., in September, 1832, graduated at Yale in 1853, was admitted to the Bar at Poughkeepsie in 1855, and in 1856 opened an office in this city, where he has since been actively engaged. In 1866 Mr. Phelps entered the office of the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York as an assistant, and remained there, under District-Attorneys Courtney and Pierpont, until 1870, when he returned to private practice as a member of the firm of Arthur, Phelps & Knevals. Mr. Phelps was elected District-Attorney in the Fall of 1872 by a plurality of 3,129 votes over Charles Donohue, now Judge of the Supreme Court, who was the Tammany candidate, and 31,568 votes over William C. Whitney, now Corporation Counsel, who was the Apollo Hall candidate. In the Fall of 1875, when Mr. Phelps's Tammany opponent was Peter B. Olney, his majority was 26,593. During the two terms in which Mr. Phelps has occupied the position of District-Attorney he has administered the affairs of his office with eminent ability. He has successfully prosecuted murderers, burglars, forgers, and other daring criminals, including the bond forgers Williamson, Ralston, Thomas and Elliott. The records of his office show that during the five years and ten months that he has held office, Mr. Phelps has secured 9,777 convictions. His re-election by a majority of nearly 19,000 shows that his efficiency and fidelity are appreciated as they deserve by the public at large.

CITY JUDGE RUFUS B. COWING.

THE newly-elected City Judge, Rufus B. Cowing, is a native of Jamestown, Chautauqua County, in this State, where he was born in the year 1840, but removed with his parents to Brooklyn when he was twelve years of age. He was educated at the Polytechnic Institute, from which he graduated in 1857. He subsequently began the study of law in the office of Niles & Bagley, of this city, and two years later entered Harvard Law School. Upon graduating he returned to New York to practice his profession. During the period in which he has taken part in politics he has been a delegate to all the Republican State conventions, and was also sent to the Cincinnati Convention of 1876. In 1875, he ran for member of Assembly, but was defeated by a small majority. He was elected an Alderman at Large in 1876. His majority for City Judge, at the election on the 5th instant, was about 17,000.

THE LATE LIEUT. H. H. BENNER.

THE story of the heroic sacrifice of Lieutenant Hiram H. Benner, U. S. A., is one of the saddest among the thousands that will be narrated in illustration of the ravages of the yellow fever. When the special relief-boat *John M. Chambers* was about leaving St. Louis, loaded with materials of assistance for the sufferers along the Mississippi Valley, and the General Government called for volunteer officers to take command of the humane expedition, Lieut. Benner was the first to offer his services for the perilous undertaking, and he received the appointment of commander; Lieutenant Charles S. Hall, of the Thirtieth Infantry, being selected as his assistant. The boat left St. Louis on October 4th, and early on the morning of the 17th, when a few miles below Vicksburg, Lieutenant Benner died of the fever, having contracted it while in the discharge of his self-commissioned task.

He was a native of Strasburg, Pa., in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and had served throughout the rebellion in the Volunteer Army. He suffered imprisonment both at Andersonville and in Libby. At the close of the War he was appointed Second

Lieutenant in the Eighteenth Infantry, and he was promoted to First Lieutenant in May, 1875. He left a wife and two children at Atlanta, Ga., where his regiment is now stationed. Popular subscriptions for the relief of his family now amount to nearly \$10,000.

SACRILEGE OF THE TOMB.

(Continued from Front Page.)

The sod over the lifted slab was cut sharp to the edges of the stone. It is alleged that the work must have been done by persons engaged in the undertaking business, because few but such could endure the stench arising from the decomposition or know how to handle human remains after such a lengthy burial.

The casket, which was broken open, is shown in our illustration as it appeared when the friends of the deceased were taking their last glance at the remains, on the 13th of April, 1876, and the method of depositing the body in the vault was witnessed on the day after the funeral by thousands. The funeral casket in which the remains were placed for interment was a most beautiful work of art. It was of oak, completely covered with the finest black Lyons velvet and trimmed with the heaviest gold fringe bullion and gold tassels, and was six feet in length, twenty-three inches in width, and eighteen inches in depth. The interior was lined with white tufted satin, and underneath the white satin there was a bed or mattress on which the body reclined. The lid extended half way back, and was covered with white satin in the form of gathered sun-rays. These sun-rays were deeply studded with gold. The pillow in the casket was of satin, beautifully ornamented, and the extension handles, as well as the handles on both ends, were thickly plated with gold. The screws were all of gold, and the knobs were of silver, washed with gold. A rim of gold ran all around the black velvet pall, which closely adhered to and covered the outer surface of the casket. The casket had a solid silver plate, on which were engraved the words:

ALEX. T. STEWART.
Born Oct. 12, 1803.
Died April 13, 1876.

The inclosure for this costly casket was of red cedar, the most expensive and enduring of all wood. This box was seven feet in length, and was hermetically sealed after the casket had been placed within. The lid of the casket was open, and the features of the dead merchant wore a peaceful and natural appearance. The left arm was crossed over the breast, and gave an appearance of repose, more than of death, to the body.

By direction of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Judge Hilton issued a notice on November 8th offering a reward of \$25,000 for the return of the body, and information which will convict the parties who were engaged in the outrage, or a liberal reward for information which will lead to either of these results.

AMERICAN EXHIBITS AT PARIS.

VALVILINE CYLINDER OIL.

THE American exhibit at the Paris Exposition was especially strong in articles of a useful character. Among those which admirably sustained the character of our American products was that of Leonard & Ellis, of 93 West Street, this city, whose valviline cylinder oil was awarded a prize—the verdict of our own Centennial being thus confirmed. Valviline, as is generally known, is a lubricant for valves and cylinders of steam-engines, and is free from all the objections which exist against the use of animal oils for this purpose. It is made from a heavy natural lubricating oil, by high steam heat, sufficient to expel all light and objectionable oils. It is then filtered through animal charcoal, cloth and paper, thereby removing all bitumen and earthy matter, making a perfectly pure, clean and invaluable lubricant. It does not oxidize and leave any deposit about the piston, or corrode the most delicate bolt; on the contrary, it will keep them in perfect condition, and also has a tendency to case-harden the metal. When used in marine-engines, with surface condenser, it keeps the tubes clean, allowing free action of steam to the tubes, thus producing greater vacuum, and requiring less fuel than if the tubes are heavily coated by use of tallow or lard oil. This oil is rapidly superseding all others for the purposes named, in England, France and Germany. The verdict of our Centennial Commission commended the oil for "its purity, high fire-test, and excellent lubricating body."

THE WILSON COOKED CANNED MEATS.

Another exhibit which attracted great attention at Paris was that of the canned meats of the Wilson Packing Company. This exhibit won the highest gold medal in the distribution of prizes, the excellence and superiority of the company's products being conceded by all. This industry of the preparation and exportation of canned meats is rapidly becoming one of large proportions, and there can be no doubt that the exhibit at the Exposition will give a tremendous stimulus to its development throughout Europe. Commercially, the value of the methods which the Wilson Packing Company have adopted cannot well be over-estimated. Formerly, meats were preserved by salting and barreling, or by smoking and drying, and these had been the main reliance for provisioning armies and for ships at sea. But the obvious objections to the use of meats preserved by either of these methods led many scientific and practical men to enter the field of experiment, and seek out some better process by which the old evils—and indeed dangers—might be avoided, and a new and much-desired improvement realized. William J. Wilson seems to have been the first to reach a satisfactory solution of the problem in the discovery of the process now used by his company. Meats preserved by this method can be transported in compact and solid form, and in packages easily handled, to the remotest distances, and in any climate under the sun, after being incased for years in the can, will come forth in a solid cake, without a particle of gravy, in a natural and palatable condition—of delicious flavor—cooked, and ready to be sliced and eaten. It is not at all surprising that such a discovery is rapidly revolutionizing the trade in meats, and that the exhibit at Paris commanded the highest attainable honor was only a just recognition of an invention and enterprise which promise to be a benefactor to all mankind.

HON. THOMAS TALBOT,

GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN the election of Tuesday, November 5th, the Republicans carried the State of Massachusetts by about 22,000 plurality. There were four candidates in the field for Governor: Thomas Talbot, Republican; Josiah G. Abbott, Democrat; Alonzo A. Miner, Prohibition; and Benjamin F. Butler, the candidate of the Greenbackers and Democrats.

Thomas Talbot, the Governor-elect, was born in Cambridge, N. Y., and is sixty years of age. Both his parents were natives of Ireland. He was many years an employé in the woolen mills of this State, and since 1839 has been in partnership with his brother in the wool business at North Billerica. Mr. Talbot has been a member of the Legislature for five consecutive years, was a member of the Governor's Council under Andrew, Bullock and Claflin; in 1872 he was chosen Lieutenant-governor by the Republican party upon the same ticket with William B. Washburn, who was the Republican candidate for Governor, and he was reelected in 1873. During the session of the Legislature of 1874, Governor Washburn was chosen to fill the vacancy in the Senate of the United States caused by the death of Mr. Sumner, and from the first of May in that year until Governor Gaston was inaugurated the Lieutenant-governor was the Acting-governor of the State. In the Autumn of 1874 he was made the candidate for Governor by the almost unanimous vote of the Republican Convention. The campaign of that year was one of disaster to that party in the entire country. In Massachusetts the Democrats elected five members of Congress and their candidate for Governor. This general disaffection, coupled with an opposition to Mr. Talbot on account of his action upon the labor question, caused his defeat. In the year 1875 there was a very general demand that Mr. Talbot should be again the standard-bearer of the party, but he declined to be a candidate.

GREAT FIRE AT CAPE MAY, N. J.

DESTRUCTION OF POPULAR SUMMER HOMES.

EARLY on Saturday morning, November 9th, a fire broke out in the attic of the Ocean House, on Perry Street, below Washington, Cape May, N. J. A heavy gale was blowing at the time, and the inflammable nature of the building rendered it impossible to confine the flames to the spot where they first appeared. The fire department of the place, consisting mainly of chemical engines, responded promptly at the alarm, but despite the exertions of the firemen and the citizens, who were quickly formed into a bucket brigade, the fire extended, showers of sparks falling upon adjacent structures and igniting new fires. Congress Hall was first attacked, then in turn the Merchants' House on Jackson Street, the Centre House, the Centre House Cottage, the Patterson Cottage, Fenton's cottage, by the sea, Charles Snelke's Centennial House, and Mrs. Miller's cottage on Jackson Street, and then the flames reached the old Atlantic House. The flames next shot across Jackson Street to George Hillworth's cottage, opposite the Atlantic House. This was about half-past ten o'clock. It was not long before the flames communicated to the cottage of the late Thomas E. Cahill, President of the Knickerbocker Ice Company, of Philadelphia. The Knickerbocker House, William E. King's hot-bath establishment, George Freyer's cottage on the bluff below the Ocean House, the Avenue House, kept by George T. Dougherty, and S. A. Randolph's cottage on Jackson Street, followed very quickly one after the other. They were all burned to the ground. While the fire was at its height, and when the Avenue House was burning, a steam-engine from Camden arrived by the special train, and did good service in fighting the fire. This was about twelve o'clock.

The flames then attacked the two cottages of Alexander McConnell, adjoining Randolph's, but they were not damaged to any serious extent. Randolph's cottage was only partially consumed. Back of Cahill's cottage, Decatur Street, was that of Judge Hamburger, which was destroyed. Three of W. E. King's cottages were next burned, and then came word that the Columbia House, on Ocean Street, between Washington Street and the beach, was on fire. This property was entirely destroyed with marvelous rapidity, together with a number of outbuildings. The Stockton Hotel was saved, although it took fire from flying cinders. Two of Warner's cottages, on Stockton Row, were also saved after they had been set on fire, but a thousand bath-houses back of the Stockton Hotel, the Columbia bath-houses, and the Tasher's, Smoot's, and the Beaver cottages were all burned.

The last building attacked was the Wolf Cottage, a block away from the Stockton House. This was almost entirely destroyed. The fire-engines sent from Camden, Vineland and Philadelphia checked the fire at 6 P. M. On Sunday the ruins were visited by thousands of people, seven cars well filled with cottagers and others having arrived from Philadelphia. All fear of further trouble being at an end, the firemen from Philadelphia, Camden and Vineland returned home. The loss by the fire will not exceed \$450,000, and perhaps will not reach that figure.

THE RESULT OF THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

ELECTIONS for members of Congress were held on the 5th instant in thirty States. The general result was greatly in favor of the Republicans. In New York they gained eight Representatives; there is a Republican majority of ninety on joint ballot in the Legislature, and the Republican State ticket has about 22,000 majority. In New York City the Tammany ticket was defeated by from 18,000 to 20,000 majority. In Pennsylvania the Republican plurality for Governor is about 25,000, and the Republicans claim a gain of two Congressmen, and an increased majority in the Legislature. In Massachusetts Talbot's plurality is over 22,000. The Congressional delegation will stand ten Republicans and one Democrat. In the Western States there are some notable changes. Michigan, where the Greenback movement was supposed to be very strong, sends a solid Republican delegation to Congress, a gain of one. Nevada, which was a conceded Democratic State, elects a Republican Governor, Congressman and Legislature, securing a Republican United States Senator. In Illinois there is a gain of two Republican Congressmen. In the South the Democrats have gained several Representatives, carrying every State for their local tickets. As nearly as can be ascertained, the Republicans will have 132 members in the next House of Representatives, and opposed to them will be 150 Democrats and 11 Greenbackers—a Democratic plurality of 18. In the present House the Democratic majority is 19.

The possible failure to elect a President by the people in 1880, and the consequent submission of this grave question to the House of Representatives, makes the political complexion of the several State delegations a matter of unusual interest. California has not yet chosen her Representatives. She has now two Republicans and two Democrats in the Lower House. Should the State go Republican, that party will control the delegations from nine States in the next House, and would require but one more State to elect its candidate for the Presidency. In Indiana the Republicans have six Representatives, the Democrats six, and the Green-

backers one. The States carried by the Republicans on the 5th have 185 votes in the Electoral College—just the number given to President Hayes in 1876.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Utilizing the Heat of the Sun.

It is well known that the first attempt to utilize the sun's rays dates from the time of Archimedes, who, 300 years before our era, employed large reflecting glasses to destroy the Roman fleet at that time besieging Syracuse. At more recent dates, many illustrious men have devoted time and energy to the study of this important question. "The apparatus," said Mr. Abel Pifre, at a late conference on the utilization of the sun's rays, "consists simply of a funnel and a lamp glass." Indeed, this is in reality the secret of the small machines, and the others are only on a larger scale. By means of a piece of mechanism that a child can use, the "funnel" is directed towards the sun, whose rays strike in a parallel direction on the surface of the reflector. They are then normally reflected on the glass tube in the centre, pierce it without difficulty, and strike on the blackened boiler to be found in the axis of the reflector. The results already obtained by the heat of the sun in the Paris Exhibition are quite remarkable.

The Photochromographic Pavilion at the Paris Exposition.

Our illustration represents the photochromographic pavilion in the Paris Exposition. To lovers of art this little studio was a great attraction, for the splendid artistically colored reproductions of divers works were the admiration of all beholders. This new invention will be a great boon to society, for, by its means we shall be able to have splendid and exact reproductions of the most difficult and valuable works of art. Instead of having to avail ourselves of the long and costly reproduction of a painting by hand, photochromography will enable us to reproduce even the most delicate tints and finest lights and shadows. The proof of what we are stating is thoroughly exemplified by the beautiful publication edited by the *Société anonyme de publications périodiques, le Trésor Artistique de la France*. The first series of this rich work has been entirely devoted to the reproduction of the principal *objets d'art* in the Gallery of Apollo, belonging to the Museum of the Louvre. Among this splendid collection there are some beautiful pieces of plate, and thanks to photochromography, they are reproduced (in painting) with so much life and truth that the great art of the period of the Renaissance can be as well studied from these paintings as if the originals were before your eyes. The gold and silver have the true metallic look, enamel looks beautifully transparent, and the precious stones sparkle in the shade, the whole having the same bright look as in the original.

The Impending Afghan War.

The interview between Major Cavagnari and the Ameer of Cabul's Commandant at Ali Musjid is of historical interest. The Mission started from Peshawar for Jemrood on September 21st. It comprised 1,000 persons. The cortege consisted of 315 camels, 250 mules, and 40 horses. On meeting Faiz Mohammed, the Afghan commander said that he could not permit the advance of the Mission, and that he had already been severely reprimanded for allowing the Viceroy's Envoy, Nawab Gholam Hussein, to pass. Major Cavagnari asked whether he was distinctly to understand that the Mission would be resisted by force. Faiz Mohammed replied that he had no alternative if the Mission were pressed. This, and a formal handshaking, terminated the palaver. The small town and port of Attock is situated on the east bank of the Indus, close below the point where it receives the waters of the Cabul River, and first becomes a navigable stream. The fortress was built by the Emperor Akbar in 1581, to command the passage of the river. On the opposite bank of the river is Khyberabad, another fort built also by Akbar, according to some authorities, but according to others by Nadir Shah. The banks of the river are formed of slate-rock, the surface of which, polished by the force of the stream, shines like black marble. The bridge of boats shown in our engraving is only used in Winter, a ferry being the means of communication at all other times.

The Paris Exhibition—Awarding the Prizes.

The crowning ceremony of the *Exposition* attending the Paris Exhibition of 1878 took place on Monday, October 21st—the distribution of awards by Marshal MacMahon in the presence of some 22,000 spectators, including various princes and other distinguished foreign visitors. The Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, where the ceremony took place, is a building all the more fitted for the occasion, as it was built for the first World's Fair ever held in Paris—that of 1855. The hall had been most brilliantly decorated in red and gold, the galleries being bountifully hung with these colors, and the columns being swathed in crimson velvet, and embellished with gilded shields inscribed with "Pax" or the initials of the French Republic—"R. F." At one, punctually, Marshal MacMahon, together with the Prince of Wales and various other Royal guests, appeared, and took his seat on the dais, the Prince being on his left, and the ex-King of Spain, Don Francis d'Assisi, being on his right, the Princes of Denmark, Sweden, the Duke of Aosta, and the Count of Flanders being behind; while Madame MacMahon, with the Princesses of Wales, was in a box at the side. Then ensued a picturesque international procession, formed of the regiments which had been sent over by the various nations to watch over their respective sections. After all had passed, President MacMahon made a brief speech, and then the names of those exhibitors who had been decorated with the Legion of Honor were proclaimed, and the presidents and vice-presidents of each group of juries advanced and received the official awards for their classes.

Khumi Kebir and the Carpas Mountains.

The view of the village of Khumi Kebir, on the Island of Cyprus, gives also a glimpse of the northern range of mountains overlooking the whole plain of Messaria and the Carpas district. It begins at Cape Kormakiti (the ancient Crommyon), and is continued thence in an unbroken ridge to the eastern extremity of the island, Cape St. Andrea, a distance of more than one hundred miles. It is very inferior in elevation to the southern range, its highest summits not attaining to more than 3,200 feet, while in the eastern portion they but rarely exceed 2,000 feet. But it is remarkable for its continuous and unbroken character—consisting throughout of a narrow but rugged and rocky ridge, descending abruptly to the south into the great plain of Nicosia; and, to the north, to a narrow plain bordering the coast.

Destruction of the Austrian Military Bridge near Doboj.

The military campaign in Bosnia and Herzegovina having been finished, there are no important consequences to be apprehended from the destruction of the temporary bridge at Doboj by the swollen current of the Bosna River, after several days of heavy rain. The task of restoring peace and prosperity to Bosnia, and of providing for the safe return to their homes of more than 150,000 refugees—Christians on the one hand and Mussulmans on the other—will now occupy the most serious attention of the Austrian Government.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—It is said that Texas will raise one-fifth of all the cotton raised in America this year.

—THE *Waco Examiner* estimates the wheat crop of Texas this year at 12,000,000 bushels.

—LETTERS are pouring into Memphis containing offers to adopt orphans left by the plague.

—THE managers of the London Aquarium have resolved upon the transportation of the entire band of Oberammergau peasants to London for the performance there of their miracle play.

—ONE of the great causes of the superior quality of Dutch butter, of which so much is sold in the London market, is the extreme degree of cleanliness observed through the course of management.

A CHAMOIS, with red eyes, white horns and boots, and a snowy-white fleece, is among the curiosities of the Zoöplastic Museum at Solerne. It is the second specimen found in the Alps in thirty years.

—GAMBETTA having viewed with surprise the great perfection attained by rifle shooting societies in Switzerland, is seeking to form a number in France, and urges a thorough rifle practice upon the army.

—NASHVILLE owes \$1,712,684.96 and not a cent in the treasury. In ten years the valuation of real estate has run down from \$17,000,000 to \$11,000,000, while the taxes are not quite as high as they were ten years ago.

—THE Southern Historical Society has perfected a satisfactory arrangement with the War Department for the exchange of copies of the Confederate archives. The exchange will begin as soon as lists of the desired copies can be made out.

—IN 1877 Great Britain paid the United States for bacon, hams, beef, butter and cheese, \$67,500,000, against \$17,500,000 in 1868. The average annual amount paid by Great Britain during the last five years for American cotton was \$135,000,000.

—FORTY-FIVE millions of pairs of sewed shoes and fifty-five millions of pairs of pegged shoes were made and sold by the manufacturers of the United States in 1877, and eighty-five per cent. of the work done on these shoes was done by machinery.

—PATRIOTIC Italian gentlemen are doing their utmost to stimulate trade in their country by teaching the people to learn to make many things hitherto imported. One nobleman has been, with this view, investing largely in machinery at the Paris Exhibition.

—THE largest Sunday-school in the world is probably at Stockport, Chester County, England, a town with a population of only 53,014. The school building cost \$100,000, and has between eighty and ninety teaching-rooms. Since the institution was opened 6,085 teachers have been employed and 90,804 scholars registered.

—IT is no wonder that the probable substitution of electricity for gas as a lighting agent has created much excitement in London. The gas interest there is an enormous one. The total authorized capital of the six principal companies amounts to nearly \$70,000,000. The total gross earnings in the last six months of last year amounted to nearly \$11,000,000.

—AN Italian prince who is about to be married has had her *trousseau* made in Paris. In order to let her know how to wear her dresses and what to wear under them, the dressmaker has sent with each toilet a little doll attired from head to foot exactly as the lady herself should be dressed, shoes, stockings, skirts, head-dress, gloves and every detail being reproduced in the costume of the doll.

—THERE is to be another monster Nihilist trial. The Russian Government is making preparations for prosecuting 340 Nihilists, who are now confined at Odessa. Many of them have been in prison since 1876. Six of them will be tried separately for attempting to murder one of their associates whom they suspected of being in the pay of the police. During the course of the examination the garrison will be increased and the police supplied with revolvers.

—THE German Government has marked its approval of the valuable services rendered by the English Coast Guard on the occasion of the recent wreck of the *Grosvenor* *Kurfuerst*, by presenting to Captain Osborne of the Folkestone division a handsome Berlin vase, adorned with a portrait of the Emperor, together with gold watches for the divisional officer and chief boatmen under him, and a draft for \$1,000 to be distributed among the men of the station.

—A GERMAN paper publishes statistics which show a vast augmentation of crime in Germany within the last eight years. In Prussia alone the convictions have risen from 6,403 in 1871 to 12,807 in 1878. Assassinations, maimings, violence to women, forgeries and fraudulent bankruptcies, have all greatly increased. This is ascribed to the more expensive mode of life and the dissipation which have prevailed since the French indemnity flooded Germany with money.

—WITHIN a radius of twenty miles of Atlanta there are enough spindles to annually consume 10,000 bales of cotton, the one cotton factory of the city employing 600 hands. Atlanta also has a rolling-mill employing 300 men, three railroad car-shops, employing several hundred, and the largest brewery south of Cincinnati, four boiler-shops, six iron-foundries, two door and sash factories and four planing-mills. For the year ending with August there were added nearly thirty per cent. to the manufacturing industries of that city.

—AN English clergyman, Rev. S. H. Reynolds, of East Ham, Essex, has ordered that in future weddings are to be celebrated in the middle of divine service. Not long ago he personally conducted the first (immediately after the second lesson), and subsequently filling in the register, etc., in the vestry, returned to the church and resumed the service after a total suspension of twenty-two minutes. The innovation caused some excitement, and the parishioners tried to persuade the vicar not to persevere with it, as being "exceedingly inconvenient, altogether unnecessary, and most injurious to the cause of the Church," but without avail.

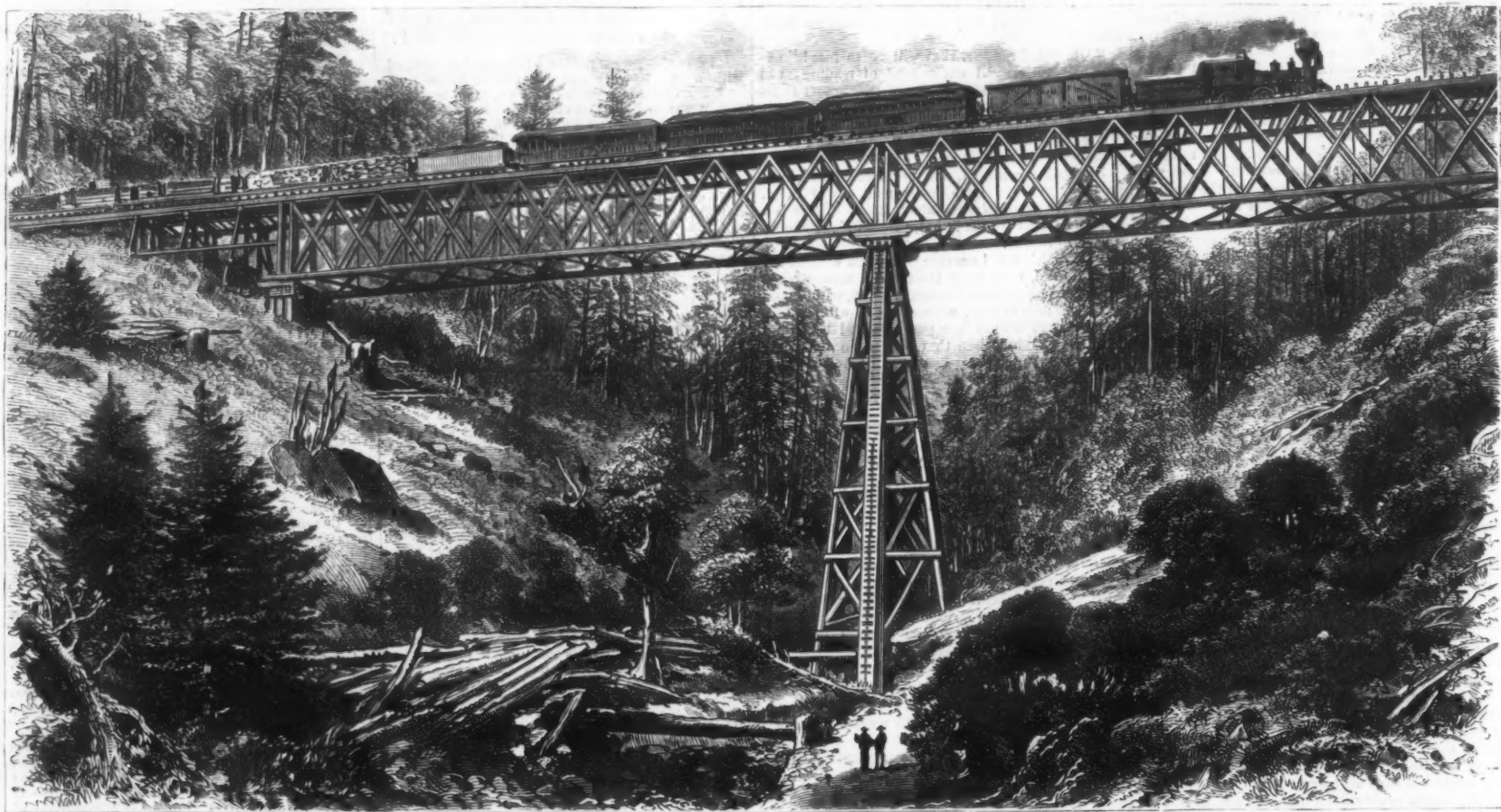
—ACCORDING to the Budget for the Ministry of War for 1879, which the Corps Législatif will be asked to vote at the commencement of the next session, the effective strength of the whole French Army is composed of 496,442 men and 124,279 horses; but the Gendarmerie and the Garde Républicaine are included in these figures, and they amount together to 27,132 men and 13,450 horses. The Army, properly so called, is, therefore, made up of 469,310 men and 95,043 horses. Of these, 52,424 men and 15,756 horses are assigned to Algiers; the remaining 416,886 men and 95,043 horses are quartered in France and the few colonial stations. The maintenance of this force, including Gendarmerie and Garde Républicaine, is estimated to cost 553,043,150 francs.



NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE IN CASTLE GARDEN ON THE ARRIVAL OF



F M N CONVERTS FROM EUROPE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 207.



BRIDGE ACROSS BROWN GULCH, ON THE LINE OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

SCENES
IN NORTHERN
CALIFORNIA.

THE superb steamers of the North Pacific Coast Railroad cross the San Francisco Bay to St. Quentin. These boats, fitted up regardless of cost and with every luxury that modern ingenuity can suggest, are equal to any steamers dispatched up the Sound or the lordly Hudson from New York. Their speed is proverbial, while their general comfort is the theme of universal comment. Fifteen miles of a sail full of color, full of variety, full of charm, through scenery of matchless beauty, changeable as the views in a kaleidoscope, but each change possessing a feature all its own, and the boat reaches St. Quentin en route for San Rafael. The State Prison at St. Quentin is a notable feature, standing as it does on a slight elevation a short distance from the wharf. The



TYRONE MILLS, ON THE LANDS OF THE RUSSIAN RIVER LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY.

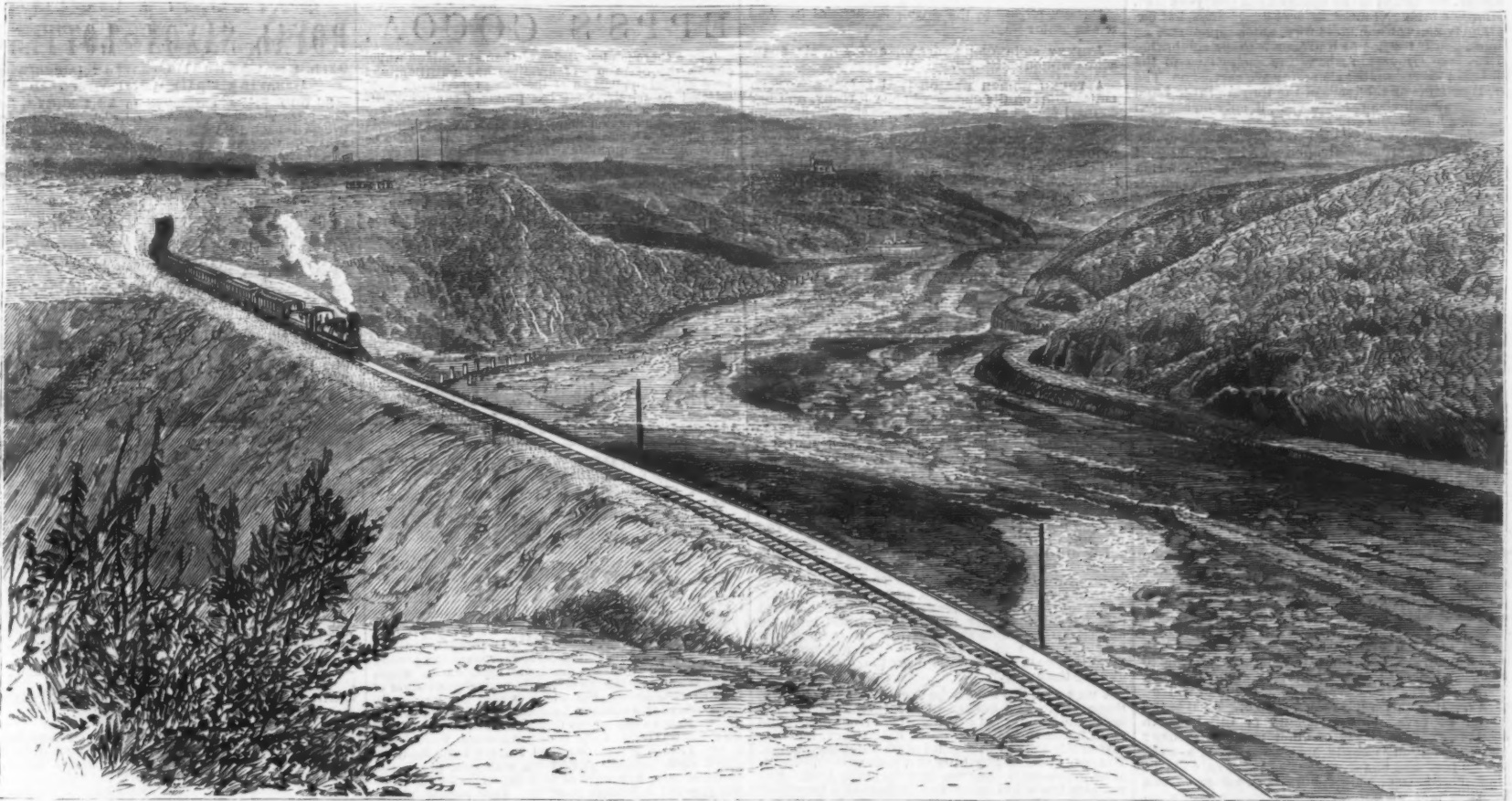
building of the prison, and the shops and factories connected therewith for the purpose of utilizing convict labor, give the place the appearance of a considerable town.

San Rafael, to which the steamers make several trips daily, is a very delightful spot, dotted as it is with beautiful villas, the residences of the 'Frisco business men, in every style of architecture from Gothic to Moresque, from Italian to Queen Anne. The pleasure grounds attached to these pleasant homes are kept with English precision, while the glow of sub-tropical vegetation encircles them as in frames of scarlet and gold. San Rafael is the county seat of Marin County, the old mission building, which was established in 1817, being used for a court-house. The climate is remarkably mild and salubrious, while the peak of Mount Tamalpais, like a sturdy



PAPER MILL RESERVOIR.

CALIFORNIA.—SCENES ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.—FROM BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO TO THE REDWOOD FOREST.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MUYBRIDGE



TOMALES CREEK, NEAR THE BAY, SHOWING THE TUNNEL OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

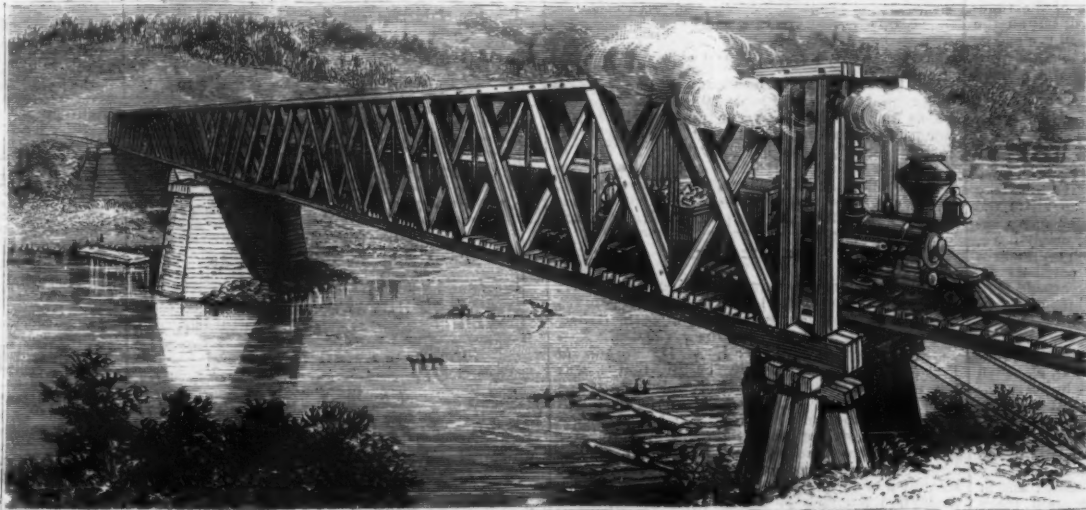
sentinel defends the village from the winds of oceans. A climb to the summit of Mount Tamalpais is a pretty good test of physique and endurance, and is a favorite "breather" with the San Franciscans. The view when the ascent is made is absolutely superb. The traveler will leave San Rafael in the magnificent cars of the North Pacific Coast Railroad. This admirably conducted line extends from San Francisco, north, one hundred miles. It was built at a cost of about \$30,000 a mile, and represents a capital of \$3,000,000, ninety per cent. of which is in possession of its President, Milton S. Latham. Admirably managed, and piercing as it does through the most superb scenery—through a vast agricultural country, whose resources are daily developing in a manner truly marvelous—through the great Red Woods and through a district abounding in game—it is one of the strongest institutions of the State, while its success since its completion has fully realized the expectations formed by those who gauged its value at its true standard. The land along this line, within fifty miles of San Francisco, is selling at \$30 per acre.

It has been said that the big Red Tree Groves of Northern California are destined to become objects of leading interest

to the tourist; and we are, by our own experience with them, willing to accept the assertion. The Big Trees of the Yosemite (the *Sequoia gigantea*) are marvels in themselves. But here, in the Red Woods of the north, to behold hundreds upon

hundreds of acres, and forests upon mountains, teeming with trees rising to the height of three and four hundred feet, and measuring all the way from ten to fifteen feet in diameter, is a sight fairly entitled to be marveled at. There is many a house in

the regions round these groves built exclusively of a single one of these trees. Very many of these "Monarchs of the Forest" will produce 25,000 to 30,000 feet of lumber, some as high as 40,000 feet of lumber to the tree. Onwards the traveler speeds by curves and turns, and spins over mountains, under mountains, through mountains, over rivers, through groves and woods and across plains, until Paper Mills is reached. Here is a reservoir, a miniature lake—still as a mirror and reflecting the glistening locomotive with its attendant serpent-like tail, and the great grand trees, until every leaf is repeated on its placid bosom. Onwards and the famous Tomales Bay is struck. Large and strangely contoured, it steals inland, winding amongst hills for sixteen miles, now half a mile, now three miles, broad, caressing *piquante* inlets and seeking an abiding-place for its restless tide in some quiet, unfrequented nook far from the madding crowd. As the train shoots out of a tunnel the view of undulating mountains, of wooded crests and hooded hollows, and of the calm waters of the creek, is one that, for extent, contour and all-satisfying beauty it is impossible to surpass. Onwards and the train flashes across one of the most gigantic and best constructed bridges west of St. Louis. From the

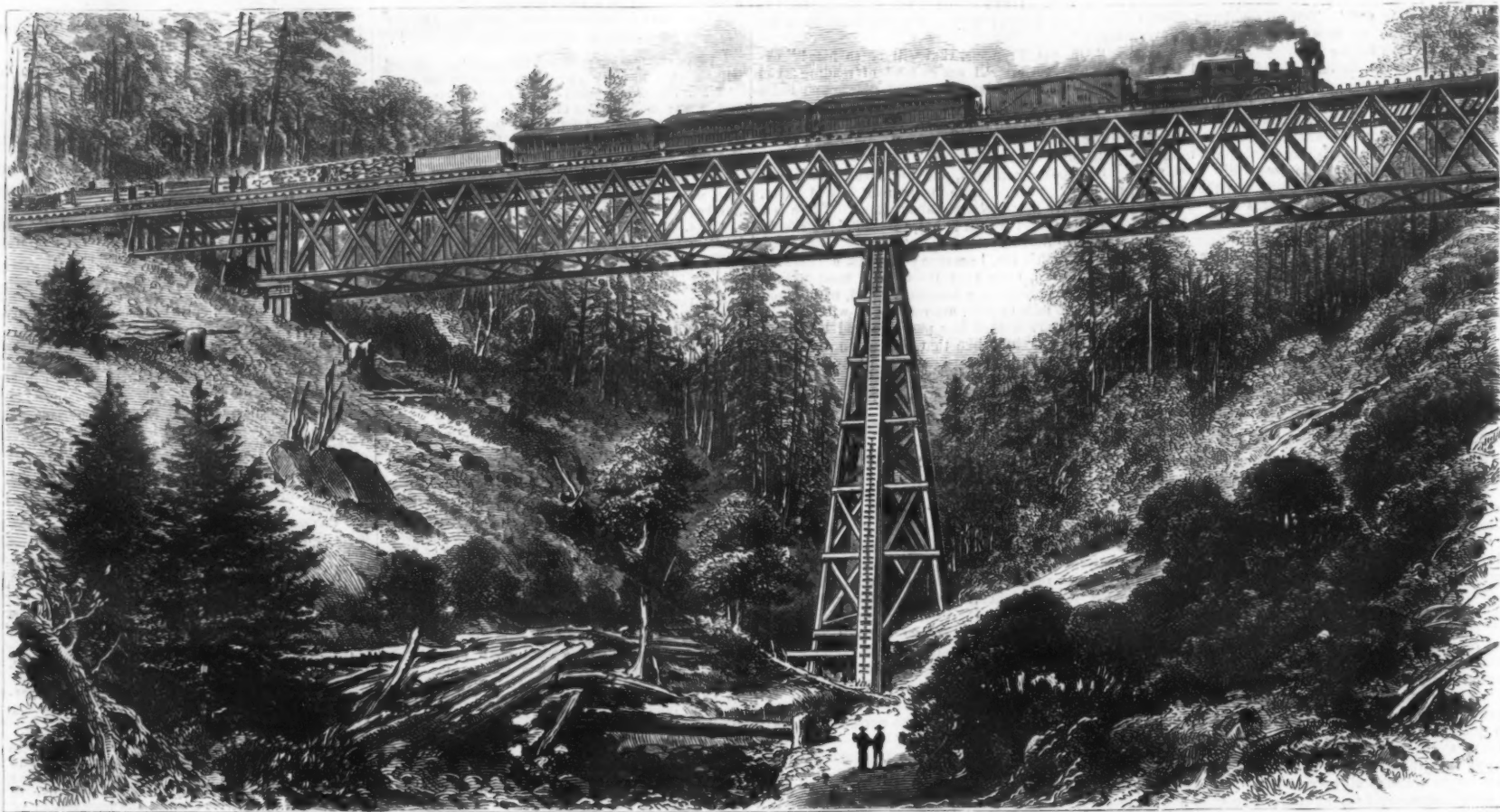


BRIDGE ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.



FOREST OF GIANT REDWOOD TREES ON THE LANDS OF THE RUSSIAN RIVER LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY.

CALIFORNIA.—SCENES ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.—FROM BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO TO THE REDWOOD FOREST.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MUYERINGER.



BRIDGE ACROSS BROWN GULCH, ON THE LINE OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

SCENES
IN NORTHERN
CALIFORNIA.

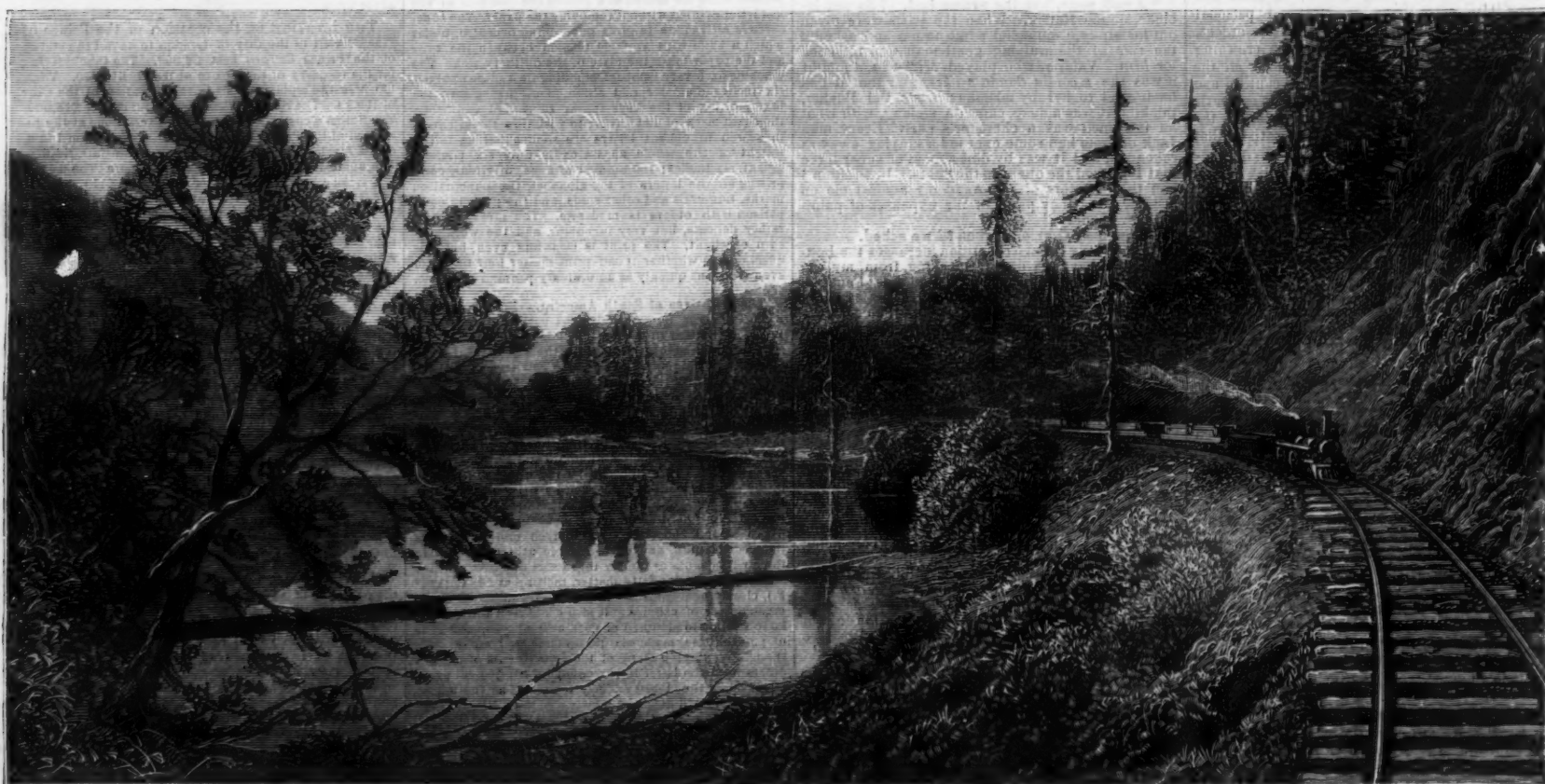
THE superb steamers of the North Pacific Coast Railroad cross the San Francisco Bay to St. Quentin. These boats, fitted up regardless of cost and with every luxury that modern ingenuity can suggest, are equal to any steamers dispatched up the Sound or the lordly Hudson from New York. Their speed is proverbial, while their general comfort is the theme of universal comment. Fifteen miles of a sail full of color, full of variety, full of charm, through scenery of matchless beauty, changeable as the views in a kaleidoscope, but each change possessing a feature all its own, and the boat reaches St. Quentin en route for San Rafael. The State Prison at St. Quentin is a notable feature, standing as it does on a slight elevation a short distance from the wharf. The



TYRONE MILLS, ON THE LANDS OF THE RUSSIAN RIVER LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY.

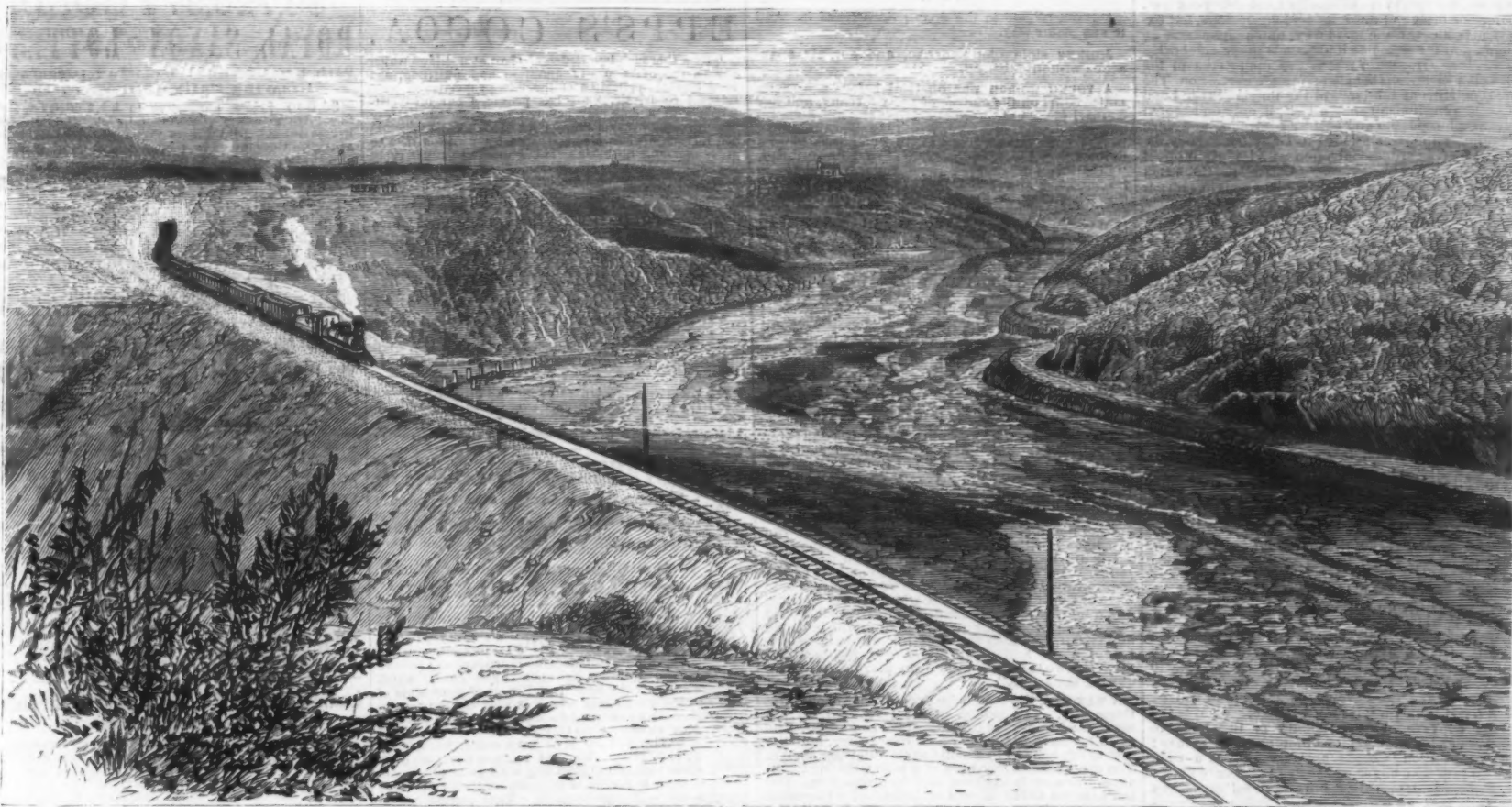
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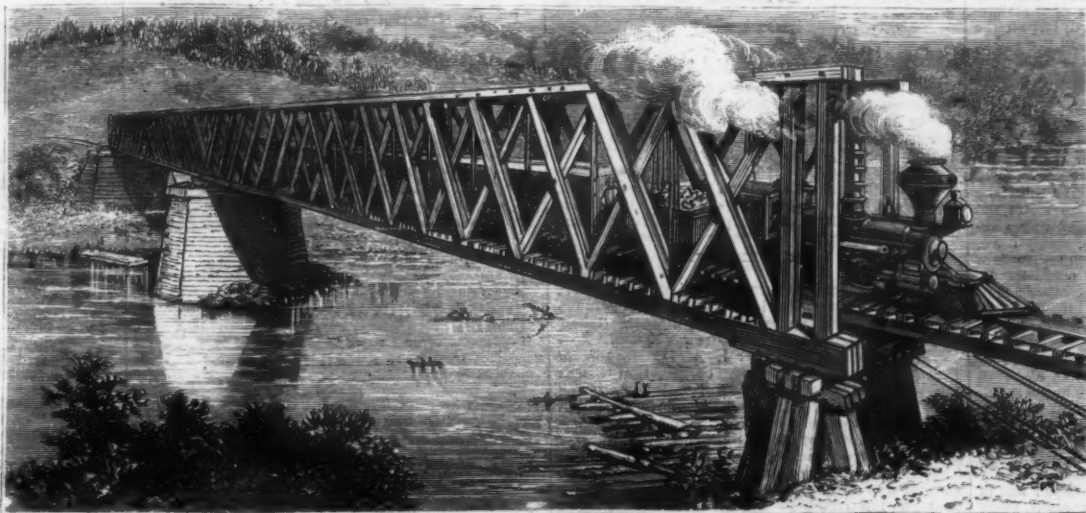
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bottom of the gulch, which it spans, to the rail above, the height is one hundred and thirty-six feet. Another bridge of more modest dimensions, but extremely picturesque in its way, extending across an inlet, marks the line as it proceeds to the celebrated Red Tree Groves, in which the operations of the Russian River Lumber Company are carried on. The Tyronne Mills on the lands of the Russian River Land Company will also repay a visit, if only on account of their formidable and bizarre contrasts, and since logging, fluming and telling in many sections of the great Sierras are looked upon with intense interest by superficial observers. A trip to California and the Coast would be sadly incomplete indeed, without a ride through the unrivaled scenery afforded by the road of the North Pacific Coast Railway.

THE THREE MILLION BURGLARY.

The great burglary at the Manhattan Savings Bank, corner of Broadway and Bleecker Street, is still a theme for conversation in the city, and up to the present writing no arrests have been made. There is something peculiarly startling and romantic about the successful burglary of a bank like the Manhattan, situated at the corner of the two greatest thoroughfares in New York City, with the approach to its vaults open through no less than eight large windows to the inspection of every passer-by, and, strange to say, this very feature, this thoroughly exposed position, which was doubtless regarded by the officers of the institution as one of its prime safeguards, has turned out to be its greatest weakness; for, at an early hour, on a quiet Sabbath morning, when the two great streets are in perfect repose, the skillful robbers, in a few hours' deliberate work, succeed in walking off with nearly three millions of money. These burglars did not come like thieves in the night, although they came when they were least expected, and so it will ever be with bank robberies both large and small. The burglars will be the best judges of the unexpected time. They will weigh with a keen, exact and delicate judgment the time to come, and if flesh and blood only stand between themselves and the coveted gold, the gold will be theirs. It is only a question of time. What is the lesson conveyed by the robbery of this bank to bankers and custodians of other people's money? The proposition is easily answered. It is a well-known fact that boxes or chests of alternate plates of iron and steel called burglar-proof safes can be made that no burglars, under ordinary circumstances, can get into within forty-eight hours. Then there are such things as Yale time-locks. When the door of such a burglar-proof safe as we refer to are locked, the time-lock is set so that the safe may not be opened until say twenty or forty hours have elapsed. Now the very second after the doors are closed the safe cannot be opened, until the twenty or forty hours have elapsed, by any living person or by any means known to mankind except by open violence. The safe may be battered on all sides; the works of the time-lock may be disarranged and stopped, but all the efforts of human ingenuity, if tried until the end of time, will never part the doors of such a locked safe, unless, as we before stated, they are opened by violence. If, then, we are correct in saying that a burglar proof safe can be made that will absolutely defy the most skillful burglars, and if what we claim for the time-lock is correct, here is an absolutely safe manner of preserving valuables more impregnable than any Gibraltar on earth. Give the burglar the key to the bank—give him the combination of the lock, and give him all of the time and the opportunities that, under any ordinary circumstances, burglars could possibly have, and the contents of the safe will remain untouched. The only two boxes out of five which could not be forced in the Manhattan bank safe are those indicated in our engraving. These two burglar-proof chests were made by Valentine & Butler, of this city. The burglars tried the most improved wedges upon them, and, in fact, left one wedge inserted as far as it was possible to drive it, and then abandoned the work in disgust. These boxes saved all that the bank did save, including all of their unregistered bonds. Mr. William H. Butler, who is the successor to Valentine & Butler, and who was the practical member of that firm, has been manufacturing burglar-proof safes for thirty years, varying in cost from \$100 to \$85,000; and in all of these years, up to the present moment, there has been no record of any of them ever being forced by burglars, although often assailed by the most experienced of the fraternity. From what we have stated, it follows that there is absolute safety, if those who desire it will only pay for real burglar-proof work; but too often bankers imagine they can obtain the best work at prices below its cost. This is a fatal mistake. Mr. Butler is ready to make a first-class receptacle, and guarantee it beyond all contingencies, if only a regular living price is paid for the work. The safe-makers are ahead of the burglars and can defy them, as cold iron and steel is ahead of and can defy flesh and blood.

Effect of Diet on Liquor-drinking.

CHARLES NAPIER, an English scientific man, has been testing the truth of Liebig's theory that liquor-drinking is compatible with animal food, but not with a farinaceous diet. The experiment was tried upon twenty-seven liquor-drinking persons, with results substantiating the Liebig theory. Among the more striking instances of reform brought about by a change of diet was that of a gentleman of sixty, who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years, his outbursts averaging one a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of *delirium tremens*, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in seven months. He seems to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but at the close of the period named had gained twenty-eight pounds, being then of about the normal weight for a person of his height. Among the articles of food which are specified by Napier as pre-eminent for antagonism to alcohol are macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas and lentils, all of which should be well boiled and flavored with plenty of butter or olive oil. The various garden vegetables are said to be helpful, but a diet mainly composed of them would not resist the tendency to intemperance so effectually as one of macaroni and farinaceous food. From this point of view, high glutinous bread would be of great utility, but it should not be sour, such acidity being calculated to foster the habit of alcoholic drinking. A like remark may be applied to the use of salted food. If we inquire the cause of a vegetarian's disinclination to alcoholic liquors, we find that the carbonaceous starch contained in the macaroni, beans or oleaginous aliment appears to render unnecessary, and therefore repulsive, carbon in an alcoholic form.

FUN.

THROW physic to the dogs; lie none of it. And it was castor way.

JOHNNY stole one pancake, and got six span-aches without stealing.

A YOUNG woman was on trial before a Western police court on the charge of petty larceny, and her counsel pleaded in her behalf that she was a victim of kleptomania. "Kleptomania?" asked the judge, in the most innocent manner. "What is kleptomania?" "A disease, my lord," said her counsel, "the subject of which is uncontrollably addicted to larceny." "Oh, I see," said the judge; "and a disease, sir, which the judges are sent on circuit as physicians to cure. My prescriptions on the present occasion is twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labor."

A CLERGYMAN said that he once visited a lady of his parish, who had just lost her husband, in order to offer consolation; and upon her earnest inquiries as to the reunion of families in heaven, he strongly asserted his belief in that fact, and when she asked with anxiety whether any time must elapse before friends would be able to find each other in the next world, he emphatically said, "No! they will be united at once." He was thinking of the happiness of being able to offer the relief of such a faith, when she broke in upon his meditations by exclaiming, sadly, "Well, his first wife has got him, then, by this time!"

A YOUNG man asked an old man for his daughter in marriage. The answer was: "Go into the orchard and bring in a parcel of apples. Give me one-half of the whole number, and the mother one-half of the balance and half an apple over, and the daughter one half of the remainder and half an apple over, and have one left for yourself, without cutting the apple; and then, if she is willing, you can have her." He solved the question, and how many did he bring? Fourteen, as you can easily prove. The old man was to have one-half of the apples, which would be seven. The mother was to have one-half of the balance, which would be three and a half, and half of an apple over, which would make four apples for her. There would be three apples left, of which the daughter was to have one-half and the half of an apple over, which would give her two, and leave the lover his one, "without cutting the apple."

A MAN with the toothache doesn't care about anything else. The glories of the world pall on his taste, the wonders of creation seem as naught. The tooth becomes a volcano of belching fury, and the rest of life hidden in a cloud of its billowing smoke. You can't borrow anything of a man with the toothache. You can't instruct and improve him. You tell him the world travels at the rate of a thousand miles a minute, and it doesn't startle him in the least. He simply groans. You say to him, "My friend, there are stars so far off that their light has not yet reached this world!" but he doesn't mind it. He only howls. You tell him that some of the sun spots are one hundred thousand miles in diameter, and that one of them would take in Jupiter at one mouthful; but it is nothing to him. He goes on swearing and weeping. Sometimes a man's tooth aches so hard, the pain is so agonizing, that several strong men have to hold him down by main force while some important scientific fact is being communicated to him.

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We take pleasure in commending to our readers a thoroughly safe and reliable life insurance agency, whose funds or assets are inexhaustible. It is a stock company operating under the joint title—*Health*. Life policies are issued in the form of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets (which, if taken as directed, insure the system against disease), upon payment of a very small fee. All the principal druggists are consulted agents.

COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO. OF KENTUCKY.—What \$2 or \$1 may do. Lucky ticket-holders in the Fifth Grand Drawing, September 30th, 1878. Holder of ticket No. 33,574, which drew \$30,000. New York, October 10th, 1878: I, A. H. Morgan, of Philadelphia, Pa., do hereby certify, that I was the holder of one-half ticket, No. 33,574, which drew \$30,000 in the Fifth Drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Company, which took place in the City of Louisville, September 30th, 1878, and that I forwarded said ticket to T. J. Comerford, Secretary of the Company, at Louisville, which amount was duly remitted and this day paid to me through the Office of the New York Agency. A. H. Morgan. Holder of ticket No. 84,767, which drew \$10,000: Louisville, October 5th, 1878. I, O. P. Anderson, of Troy, Perry County, Ind., do hereby certify that I was the holder of one-half ticket, number 84,767, in the Fifth Drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Company, which transpired on the 30th of September, in the City of Louisville, Ky., said ticket calling for \$10,000, and which I have this day presented for payment, at the offices of the Company, the same being paid by check on the Third National Bank of Louisville, which check was duly honored and paid. O. P. ANDERSON. The Sixth Popular Drawing will take place Saturday, November 30th, 1878. Tickets only \$2; Half Tickets, \$1. Orders should be addressed to T. J. COMERFORD, Secretary, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or B. H. PORTER & Co., 1227 Broadway, New York, or JACKSON & Co., 82 Nassau Street, New York.

No OTHER hotel has ever succeeded in satisfying its guests, and making them perfectly comfortable and at home, as well as the St. Nicholas, of New York.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.—Sir: A single 25-cent package of the delicious BRAIN FOOD of the Health Food Co., 74 Fourth Avenue, New York, has relieved my constipation of seven years' standing. I think I can now "throw physic to the dogs."

SUSAN A. KNOX, Harlem.

OSWEGO STARCH FACTORY, Oct. 28, 1878.

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Yours respectfully, T. KINGSFORD & SONS.

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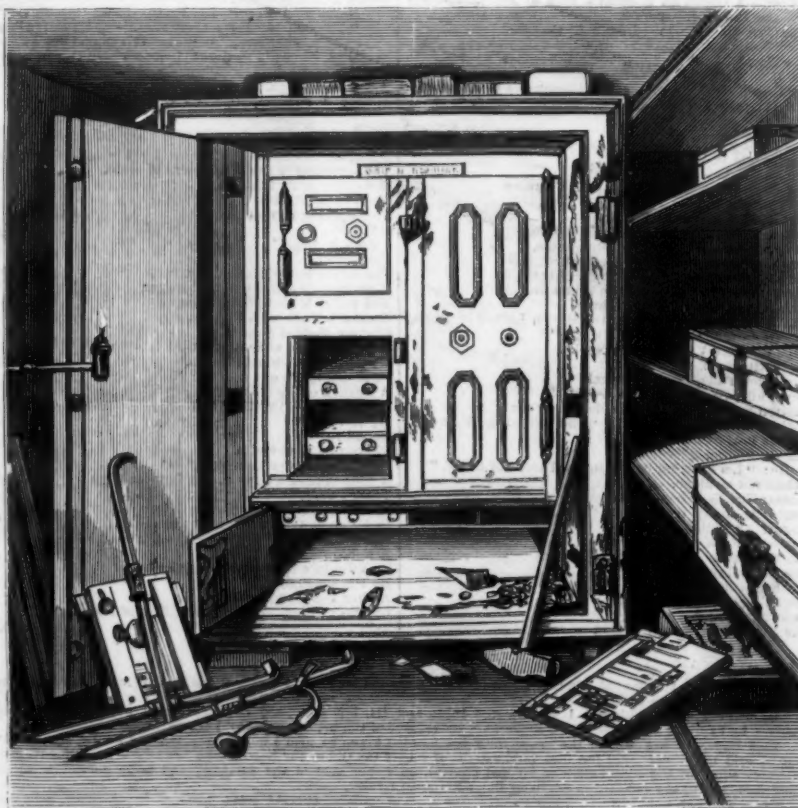
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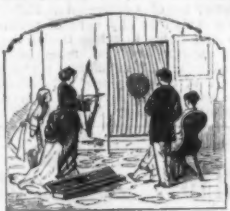
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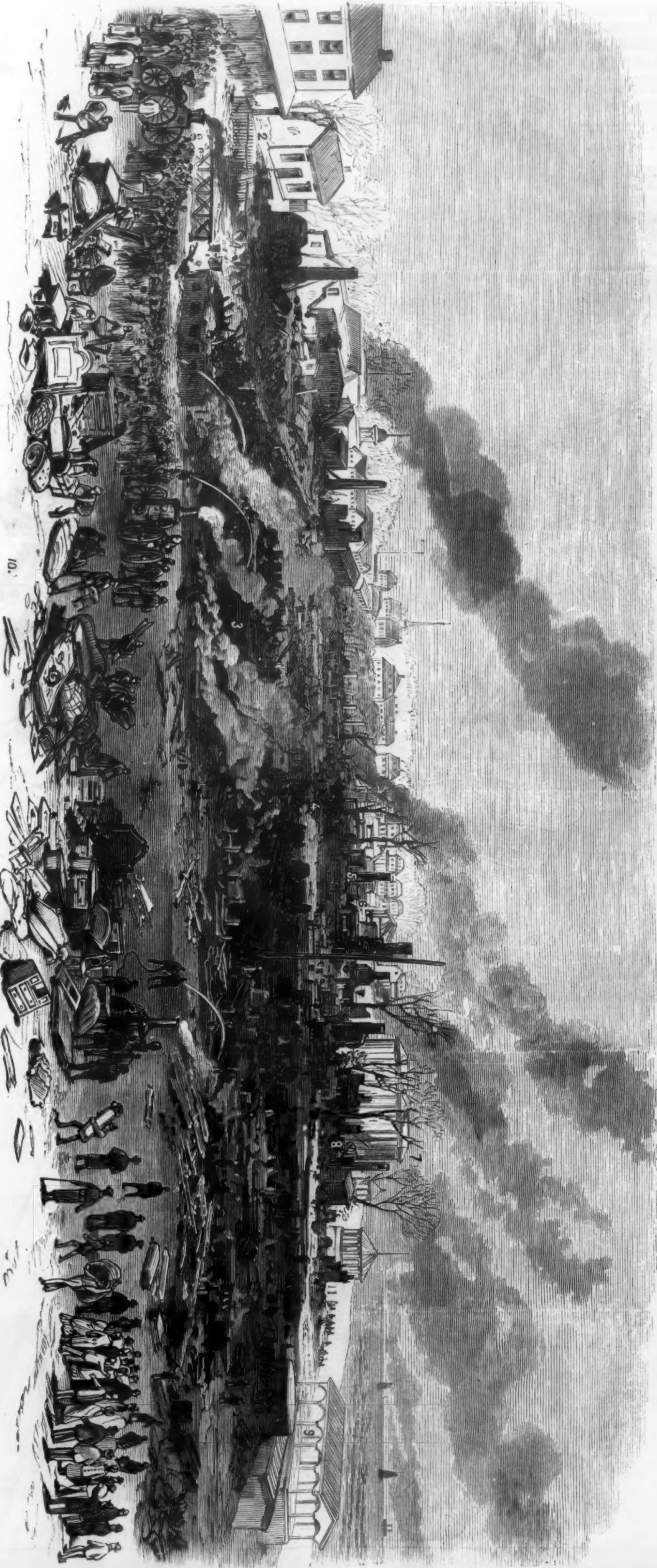
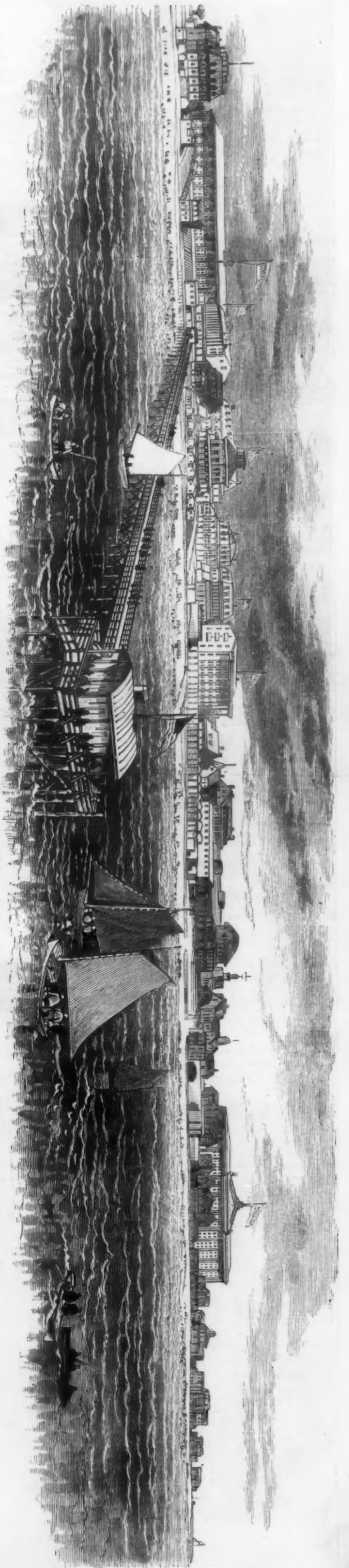
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NEW JERSEY.—GREAT DESTRUCTION OF SUMMER HOTEL PROPERTY AT CAPE MAY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY GEORGE R. HALL.—SEE PAGE 195.



NEW YORK CITY.—MORMON EMIGRANTS LANDING ON THE WHARF AT CASTLE GARDEN FROM OCEAN STEAMERS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

THE OLD WORLD POPULATING
THE NEW.

SKETCHES AMONGST THE EMIGRANTS AT
CASTLE GARDEN.—RECRUITING THE
MORMON RANKS.

ON a recent sunny day, Castle Garden, swarming with the peasant life of the Old World, and all alive with quaint character and costume and suggestive groupings, was as good a spot for the study of humanity and the picturesque as an artist could desire either for pencil or pen. Castle Garden, on the morning of the landing of the *Bohna* and *Wyoming*, with their heavy steerage-load of Mormon emigrants, was attractive enough to hold us full three hours within its bare white walls, busy with both; and herein are the fruits of our observations:

Inside the outer walls, and beyond some short passages and small bare offices, is the great circular inclosure, like nothing else but a magnified circus-ring without the tanbark, where so many thousand poor wandering souls get their first dreary taste of American life in a sort of comfortless indoor camping-out. Upon this vast space looks down a small gallery and the windows of some offices. One-half the arena is railed off in a semi-circular pen, wherein six hundred human beings crowd each other not too closely; and connecting this inclosure with the great doors which open out upon the pier is a narrow railed-in passage, flanked by a couple of desks, whereat two uniformed officials mount guard over the in-pouring stream of immigration.

Not all the adventurous Mormons had landed when we entered the Garden this morning, note-books in hand. Only two or three hundred were scattered in little forlorn groups over the big bare space, and through these we were piloted by a kindly white-haired official, who took courteous possession of us on the instant of our arrival, eagerly intent upon showing us the oddest individual specimens, and the most interesting groups.

But to us every one was a study—a bit of "folklore" fresh from the shores of the Baltic, or a *genre* sketch with the breath of Yorkshire moors or Welsh mountains in it still. Huddled close together, each family nestled down among its goods and chattels;



COLONEL HENRY S. MAPLESON, D.L., MANAGER OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS.—SEE PAGE 193.

new soil, and served out rations to little family groups of all sizes and sexes; children chased each other about the great space of this odd new play-ground, riotous with delight at the change from their cramped steerage quarters; the men—comparatively few men, it would seem, had been allured by Mormonism and a home in Utah—stood together in knots and scanned the face of things curiously.

From one of these groups our escort beckoned forth a representative individual—a brawny and bulky descendant of the sea-kings, fresh from Sweden, so he says—"Dansk"—"Dansk," interpolates the subject under discussion, grinning with the sort of foolish good-humor attributed to giants, and then somebody else volunteers the information that he is a Danish fisherman, and calls our special attention to his boots and his shirt, while he stands submissively and continues to grin. He has a weather-beaten, scarlet face, and a shock of the reddest hair and beard that mortal eyes ever beheld; from his unbuttoned vest emerge huge shirt-sleeves of some check patterned woolly material, with a long fuzzy nap that looks as harsh as a burr; his pantaloons are thrust into heavy hide boots, with great round flaps for handles, so to speak, while the feet are of wood, metal-bound, with curved up toes and the semblance of a low heel at each extremity. Shoes of this pattern are common among nearly all the women and children in the Scandinavian groups, and the oddest of all figures is that of a little four-year-old girl in a tight round cap and a long woolen frock, gathered into heavy plaits, that make her as round as a barrel, rolling about on a pair of these huge, canoe-shaped incumbrances. Away in a corner of the inclosure among a pile of baggage, a sick woman is stretched out in utter and abject indifference to all her surroundings, immediate or prospective. Her heavy dark woolen clothes, the dark handkerchief round her head, and the worn wooden shoes, have come from the shores of the Baltic, and the fur-capped and bundled-up child who is trying to climb over her stares up at us with big blue Northern eyes—suspending a yell in the intensity of the study. A motherly looking German woman, with a green stuff cap tied under her chin, is trying to coax her into drinking something from one of the mysterious tin cans; close beside her a Welsh woman, rosy-cheeked and bare-headed, sits on her wooden box and plays with her baby, all



COME ALONG, BILL! DON'T GET MIXED UP WITH
THEM MORMONS!

old iron-clamped chests, worm-eaten and ponderous; rough boxes newly nailed together and tied and knotted up with ropes; huge sacks, bulging with their close-packed contents; bundles sewed up in carpet; hand-bags gay with worsted work; tin cans by the score; baskets, of all shapes and sizes, by the hundred. Old people sat propped among the softest bundles, staring with stupid or frightened eyes about the big, dreary, unfamiliar place that as yet was all America to them. Mothers overhauled baskets and cans for the scanty scraps of their first meal on the



Official Inquiry.—"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" Chorus.—"UTAH!"



THE "SWITZER-GIRL" WHO WANTED TO BE A
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NEEDED—IF NOT WANTED.

"WHAT A MEAN PLACE! LET'S GO BACK TO ENGLAND!"

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HON. BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, DISTRICT-ATTORNEY-ELECT OF NEW YORK.
FROM A PHOTO. BY KLAUSER.—SEE PAGE 134.

aprons, the folds drawn together, holiday-fashion, till they form a mere strip down the front of the skirt; and one of these girls, a pretty baby-faced damsel of seventeen, has come over the sea all alone—not even a friend with her—to live at Salt Lake and be a Mormon; and she smiles and nods at us while the interpreter imparts the fact, evidently rather proud of the feat, and perfectly well satisfied with its results.

"Here is our greatest curiosity," says our official friend, pushing his way up to a family group whose presiding matron, a stout, severe Irishwoman, is intently poring over the Book of Mormon. "These are the first Irish Mormons that have ever passed through here; and it was the woman," he whispers, guardedly, as we pass, "who converted her husband; and she's the strongest kind of a convert, I tell you! Now this family," pausing by another group camped-out among their bags and boxes, "are not Mormons at all, though they've got mixed up with 'em."

"Na, indeed, we're na Mormons; God forbid!" joins in the father of the family, a canny, baldheaded and graybearded Scot, who is immediately presented to us, and shakes hands with great solemnity and respect, as a preliminary to a long explanation of how "he and his missus and the little lassie" came to be en route for Utah.

A brother-in-law "out there" was the mainspring which moved them to leave Glasgow. "And the missus and me ha' never been out of Glasgow before," he adds, pathetically. "Things look vera strange over here; but with this good gentleman to take us by the hand"—a bow to our guide—"and you to say a kind word to us"—another bow—"I feel cheered-up-like already."

But we do not linger here, for some one comes up to tell us that there is another tug-load just coming ashore, and out we hurry to see the landing of the two or three hundred more wanderers who crowd it. It is a repetition of the groups inside—English, Swede, Swiss, Dane, Scotch and German—only the poor things are a shade more dazed and bewildered, and come crowding and huddling down the gangway like a frightened flock of sheep, handed along by the Mormon elders, and helped kindly enough by the policemen who stand on the pier. Women staggering under mighty burdens of bags and baskets, and sacks and valises and babies—children, laden too, clinging to their skirts—men, in a lesser proportion, dragging trunks and boxes and bags, with strings of household utensils dangling round their necks; old people, young people, the halt and the blind—and all of them Mormons—"Salt Lake" staring at us in big letters on every bag and box and basket. Strangest and most incongruous of all the figures is that of a pretty girl of nineteen or twenty, who crosses the gangway alone, and, disengaging herself instantly from the crowd, is held

apart in close conversation with one of the official bystanders. She is palpably no peasant, but a handsome English girl, who might rank among peers, for all that her comely face and well-appointed costume say to the contrary; a picturesque figure, all in dark blue, from the velvet Normandy cap down to the neat little cloth boots which her short skirts show coquettishly—a trim parasol swinging in one gloved hand and a big fur-lined cloak hanging on her arm. How has she strayed in among the steerage passengers of the *Bothnia*?

"She's a Mormon, too," whispers one of the officials at our elbow; "came out all alone with this crowd—and I guess she's sorry for it by this time."

The artist grasps pencil and sketch-book wildly, for a "note" of this penitent—who certainly does not look enthusiastically happy as she sits on the edge of the pier, drawing hieroglyphics with her parasol-point in the dust. The story of this woman is said to be that, being sent for to "come over" by her husband, who had emigrated in advance and settled at Pittsburgh, she was met here by him, but, being enamored of Mormonism, refused to accompany him to his home; whereupon he, more complaisant, resolved to go with her to Utah. As she rises presently and passes by us, to fall in with the crowd that is pushing its way into the building, she is jostled by a huge, red-faced British female of the lowest class, wrestling with bundles, and hoarse with screaming after certain truant offspring astray in the crowd.

"Come along, Bill! Don't git mixed up with them 'ere Mormons!" bawls this matron, casting a scornful glance at the dainty blue gown. Sorely disgusted looks its owner, and mightily indignant, as she sweeps past the clerk's desk, at the abrupt formula of interrogation, "Where are you bound?" "What's your occupation?" "Ever emigrated before?" which is hurled at her with no more delicate or respectful inflections than those vouchsafed to "Bill's" mother, or yonder kerchiefed German frau with the sleepy baby at her back. Close behind her come two more—unmistakably English—a smirking little cockney and a tall, raw-boned woman, staring about her in deep disdain. "Ain't this a queer-looking place?" we catch, as she passes us. "Let's turn round and go back to Hengland," and as we laugh over the "aside," we wonder how many times these two deluded Britons



HON. RUFUS B. COWING, CITY JUDGE-ELECT OF NEW YORK.
FROM A PHOTO. BY BOGARDUS.—SEE PAGE 134.

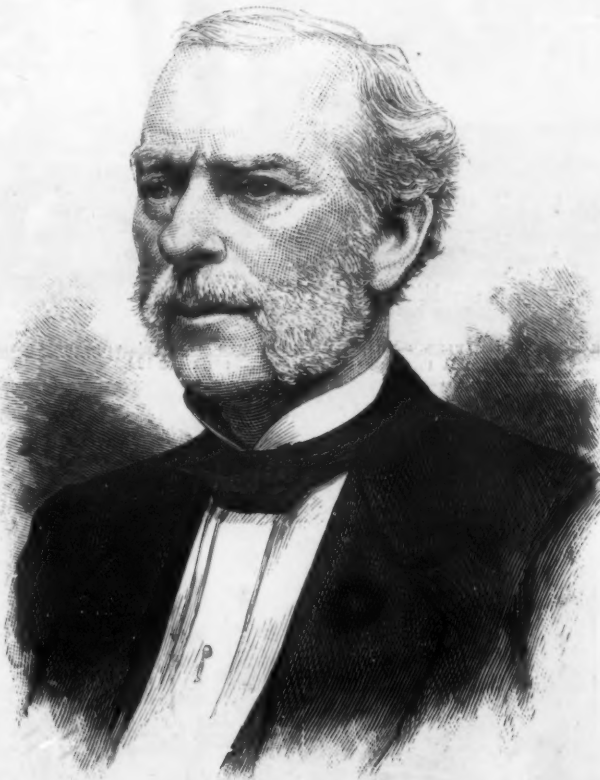
interest of their own to every American. Through the courtesy of Mr. Jackson, the Superintendent, we learn the sum total of immigrants during the last two years: Of aliens, or persons never before landed in our ports, there numbered, in the year 1877, 54,536, whereof 4,626 were steerage passengers, and 17,753 of German nationality, Ireland falling so far behind as to furnish a quota of but 8,221. For the present year, from January 1st down to September 30th, we have a total of 58,930; Germany still sending the largest numbers, 17,769, and Ireland following next in order with 10,513, showing in the grand total an increase of 18,410 over the records of the same period of last year.

Since the organization of the Board of Commissioners of Emigration in May, 1847, down to May of this present year, there have landed at the port of New York no fewer than 5,683,604 aliens; while of steerage passengers who had before landed in the United States, or had become naturalized citizens, there was an additional number sufficient to swell the grand total of our foreign guests to six millions.

THE LATE BISHOP DUPANLOUP.

THE Right Rev. Felix A. P. Dupanloup, Roman Catholic Bishop of Orleans, France, died at Paris, October 12th, aged 76 years. He was born at St. Felix, Savoy, and was early under the influence of his uncle, a priest. Ordained a priest in Paris, in 1825, he was for two years attached to the parish of the Assumption. In 1827 he became confessor of the Duke of Bordeaux, and a year later of the young princes of Orleans. In 1831 he founded the Academy of St. Hyacinthe, for young people, and in 1834 he was appointed Superior of the Petit Seminaire of Paris, but declined the office, taking in preference that of Prefect of Studies in the same institution, and subsequently accepting the Superintendency. He became Vicar-General of Paris in 1837; was the spiritual adviser of Talleyrand, was appointed to the Chair of Sacred Eloquence in the Sorbonne in 1841, was named Bishop of Orleans in 1849, and consecrated at Paris on the 9th of December of that year. In 1839 he published a remarkable pastoral letter upon the doctrine of papal infallibility, which dogma he accepted, although he had opposed it in the Ecumenical Council.

Bishop Dupanloup was elected to the National Assembly in 1871, and was elected a life Senator in 1875. He labored hard to secure the canonization of the Maid of Orleans, and was noted through life for the asceticism of his habits, the combativeness of his disposition, and the liberality of his personal charities.



HON. THOMAS TALBOT, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.—FROM A PHOTO. BY WARREN.
SEE PAGE 195.

will repeat it in spirit before they catch sight of the snow peaks and the alkali plains of Utah.

"What will all these people do with themselves to-night?" we ask curiously, as we look about the great amphitheatre and its motley crowd. Oh, they will get along comfortably enough, lying on the floor, on bags and bedding; and over at the end of the inclosure, yonder, is a refreshment-stall, where they can get bread and pies and cakes, and bottles of something—beer or soda-water, it is hard to tell which. Most of them are eating now. Even the pretty girl in blue is seen presently biting a large triangular slab of d'septic-looking pie, as she leans against the railing, still in an attitude of deep dejection. The floor is dotted with all sorts of impromptu picnic parties—the elders sitting in circles round the viands, and the children skirmishing outside—Scandinavian and Briton fraternizing and fighting with infantile readiness; a few stray solitary figures move about among them, scanning everything with frightened, homesick eyes, and ubiquitous among all the groups is a single elderly man in black, who carries a great pile of books on his arm—a pile which does not diminish perceptibly, for it is built up of Bibles, and the Book of Mormon is the only gospel which obtains among these six hundred souls.

We have made sketches enough for all practical purposes, yet are loath to go, for our good-natured guide is continually pointing out a new subject, and all the subjects are so fascinating, and, above all, so passive as models, that we can ill resist their charms. We cannot but wonder in ourselves what they think of us, these poor souls, to whom everything on the new shores is strange and uncanny enough—but these staring, sketching, scribbling mortals must be among the strangest—and who, no doubt, look upon note-books and pencils as the every-day accompaniment of an American citizen. Time pressed and we pass out of the railed-in arena, leaving the motley groups lounging, eating, drinking, wandering about, with the broad sunshine from the high windows in the roof streaming down upon them—the only home-like presence that greets them on the shores of the strange New World.

But before we leave, we take a glance at some Castle Garden statistics, which must have a curious



THE LATE LIEUT. H. H. BENNER, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTO. BY IVIE, ATLANTA, GA.
SEE PAGE 194.



FRANCE.—THE LATE RIGHT REV. F. A. P. DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS.